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ELINOR PRESTON;

OR,

SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

(Continued from our last.)

Great and very pleasurable was the excitement of my dear good aunt all that afternoon, and all next day, which was the eve of the great day. It is true she kept the secret to herself, at least she thought so, never once intimating, even to my mother, that she had any particular interest in the expected stranger. To us girls, however, (we were none of us of age yet to be brought into company,) she was a little more communicative, giving us divers hints of the great conquest she had in view. After a careful and very close examination of her wardrobe, she sallied out on Wednesday morning alone and on foot, leaving a message for my mother that she was going a-shopping. Shortly after her return, arrived a porter with a rather large parcel, and my aunt, who was evidently on the watch, called to the servant from the staircase to bring it at once to her room.

After tea, we all went to Portobello Gardens to witness an exhibition of fire-works, and, on returning home, my parents found some friends who had dropped in to spend the evening. The visitors being very intimate with the family, my sister Emily and I were permitted to remain in the drawing-room, and a merry evening we all had of it. I remember particularly one gentleman giving us an account of a scene which he had that day witnessed at the steps of the Bank of Ireland, in which Blind Ouseley, the famous fanatic and street-preacher was the principal actor. The story was told with infinite humor. The narrator was gifted with rare imitative powers, did ample justice to the whining cant of the would-be apostle, and the rich, liquid tones of the Dublin "Jackeens," who cracked their jokes at his expense, and paid back his unctuous exhortations word for word with their local slang. We youngsters enjoyed this amazingly, and even my grave aunt unbent sufficiently to honor the narrator with a patronizing smile.

The evening wore on, and one by one our visitors dropped off, when, after sitting for a while, talking over the exhibition, and other matters of equal interest to ourselves, Emily and myself were gently reminded by my mother, that late hours were anything but good cosmetics for young girls, whereupon we instantly retired, for that dear parent's word was ever law to us. It might have been an hour after, and the house was silent as death, when a wild shriek roused us from our beds. Hurrying out into the lobby, my sister and I were met by my father and mother, who had but lately came up stairs.

"What on earth can that be?" exclaimed my mother, pale as a ghost, "one would think the sound came from the drawing-room."

"That is impossible, my dear," observed my father, "for you know we left it so lately, and I'm positive there wasn't a creature in it then."

"Whether or no, father, it's from there the sound comes," said George, my eldest brother, popping out of his room half dressed.

"Well! well! let us go down at all events," said my mother—so down we all went, Carry clinging to my mother's skirts in mortal terror. On reaching the drawing-room, there was a slight hesitation visible in my father's manner, but unwilling to let it appear, he hastily opened the door, and in we all went with a rush. What a sight met our eyes! Oh! for your pencil, Hogarth, to do justice to the inimitable picture. A bed-room candle flickered on a table, its faint light hardly dispelling the gloom of the spacious apartment, and we had to look very closely before we perceived that any living soul was present. But, sure enough there was, for in a large arm-chair, near the fireplace sat, or rather reclined, my Aunt Kate, looking more like a spectre than a thing of flesh and blood. She had evidently changed her dress since we saw her an hour or so before, and such a dress as that in which she now appeared, no sane mortal ever wore in our generation, at least off the stage. The robe was of some dark heavy material, literally covered with spankles, especially about the bosom, and the head-dress consisted of a turban-like roll of scarlet gauze, ornamented with short marabout feathers, presenting a woful contrast to the corpse-like countenance of my poor aunt.

"Ho! ho! Kate, I see how it is," said my father, well pleased to find that nothing serious was the matter. "You came down to make your toilet at the pier-glass. Eh, Kate? I suppose you meant to dress over night when you had the room to yourself."

"Be still now, Harry," said my gentle mother, seeing the real blush that mounted to her sister-in-law's face. "Poor Kate has been taken suddenly ill ——," at the same time she made a sign to us youngsters to restrain our mirth, for we were actually in fits of laughter.

"I'll tell you all about it another time," whispered my aunt, eagerly laying hold of the smelling-bottle offered by my mother.

"What brought you here at all, Kate?" persisted my father in his blunt, good-natured way. "One would think you were playing *la somnambula*, and had walked forth in the body in a costume from the land of dreams."

"You will oblige me, Harry Preston," said my aunt, stiffly rising from her chair, to our increased amusement, "you will oblige me by keeping such remarks to yourself. I desire that you should remember who I am. I should think a fine dress—even a fancy dress—is nothing new in our family. I am grieved to see you so forgetful of what is due to your sister, and your children, of course, follow suit. Teresa!" to my mother, "I'll trouble you to help me up stairs. Thank you," she said, in her most dignified tone to my father, who had offered his arm, and she swept past him with the air of an empress. When my mother had assisted her to regain her chamber, she confessed to her that she had been trying on a new purchase (in what costume-shop she had procured it we never knew) which she meant to wear at dinner on the following day, and being anxious to see exactly how it fitted, she had, as my father guessed, gone down to view herself and it in the pier-glass in the drawing-room, "but, my dear!" said she, "the light was so dim, and the room so vast and gloomy reflected in the glass, that when I got a peep at myself I was frightened at first, for the figure looked for all the world like the ghost that appears in Timbleton-House. I really was frightened for the moment, and my nerves got such a shock that I couldn't get over it do as I would. But, Teresa, my dear! not a word of this to any one. Mind, I'll depend on you!"

My mother would only promise to keep the secret on condition that Aunt Kate should give up the notion of appearing next day in her new costume. To this she willingly acceded, "for to tell you the truth, my dear," said she, "I've got a horror of it—I have indeed."

So the luckless costume disappeared for ever from our gaze, turban and all, and what became of it was for many a day a subject of speculation amongst us. My father used, once in a while, to give a sly hint concerning it, just enough to excite my poor aunt's nervous fears, but a look from my mother would always call him to order just in time to save the delicate secret from vulgar ken. Carry was a much more dangerous individual, for she would persist in talking, at least in the family circle, of Aunt Kate's shining dress, and wondering why she never wore it. Threatening Carry was of no manner of use, but my good aunt tried various other means, chiefly of the appetizing sort. Many a package of choice sugar-plums went to stop her mouth, and a rose-bud of a mouth Carry had. But let us on to the meeting of my aunt and her supposed *inamorato.*

THE DISCOVERY AND OTHER MATTERS OF FAMILY INTEREST.

On the following day my aunt was dressed for dinner and seated in the drawing-room a full hour before the time. My mother sat near her on the sofa, turning over the pages of Fisher's Book of Beauty, in real or assumed unconsciousness of the nervous agitation of her sister-in-law. My father was seated in the identical chair which had received Aunt Kate's fainting bulk on the previous evening. His attention was so engrossed by a Parliamentary Debate that he took but little notice at the movement of Kate or any one else. Exactly a quarter before five, a footman's knock echoed through the house. My aunt half started from her seat, sat down again, spread out her garter-blue satin to the best advantage, ran a finger through each of her barrel-curls to give it the proper set, and had just completed her preparations by drawing in her lips to smaller dimensions,—for they were rather of the thickest—when bang open went the door and in came Mr. ——, followed closely by his faithful friend Tom. My aunt received both with a gracious smile, and Tom shook hands all round with a more confident air than usual, but it was easy to see that both kept watching the door, each expecting the promised beau or belle. And the counsellor, though engaged inconversation with my father and mother, kept an eye on the pair from under his projecting brows, his face all the time brimful of humor. One or two other guests having arrived, and the hand of the time-piece on the mantel pointing to five o'clock, dinner was announced and the gentlemen offered their arms to the ladies.

"Tom," cried his friend, "we leave Miss Preston for you. Being the only young lady present she is yours by right."

"Thank you," said Tom, offering his arm to the lady with anything but alacrity," I am much obliged to you—will you allow me, Miss Preston?"

Miss Preston did allow him, but there was nothing very cordial in the acceptance of his arm.

"You expected some others, did you not?" said Tom, as they followed their leaders down stairs, and feeling it necessary to say something. He also hoped to draw out the name of his expected fair one by this indirect means.

"Yes, I believe so," replied the lady rather curtly, thinking of the enamored swain who was to have come but did not. "The Counsellor was to have brought a friend of his!"

"Strange," thought Tom, "he must have paired off with *my* young lady. It is very provoking—very!" They were just entering the dining-room, and Tom had to seat Miss Preston, &c., &c., though as he doubtless said to himself, he could have seen her at Jerico. During dinner nothing occurred to enlighten either of the expectants. Once my father made my aunt change color by asking my mother with a shy glance at his sister, "what has become of the lady whom we saw in [etherial garments last night—I thought we should have met her at dinner."

Tom looked eager and excited; my aunt nervous and agitated, and the Counsellor (as my aunt called him) eyed the tremor of both with intense satisfaction. My mother looked reproachfully at my father, but her voice when she spoke was calm and soft as usual. "The lady you mean," said she, "left town this morning and will not return for some time." Tom's countenance fell, and my aunt's rose.

At the close of the desert when my mother and the other ladies rose from the table, the Counsellor said to my aunt as she passed him: "I owe you an apology, Miss Preston, for not having fulfilled my promise—at least to your expectations. I will tell you another time why the gentleman disappointed us, but you see, I brought a substitute."

"Stick to your claret, Counsellor, and don't mind me!" was my aunt's tart reply, as she left the room. The merry laugh that echoed through the dining-room would have given her mortal offence, but happily the door was closed behind her and her vanity escaped that severe wound.

Emily and I were permitted, as a special favor, to appear in the drawing-room that evening, and having got from my mother a hint of what was going on, we were looking anxiously for the entrance of the gentleman. They came at last—it was rather early, too, for Mr. ——, never staid very long at the dinner-table after the ladies retired—my aunt was sitting alone on a cushioned seat in one of the window-recesses, when the Counsellor, tucking Tom's arm under his, led him up to her.

"Miss Preston!" said he, "I have spared your blushes quite long enough, I think. This is the gentleman to whom I referred in a late conversation. Tom, my good fellow, I think you are already acquainted with Miss Preston!—eh, Tom?"

"I should think I was," said Tom bluntly, at the same time averting his eyes from the lady's face.

"Well! Tom," quoth his friend with tormenting coolness, "I have done my share—I leave you to do the rest."

"I—I beg your pardon, sir! I fear there is some mistake," stammered Tom, "I—I—I wasn't aware—upon my honor I wasn't."

"Oh! of course not—certainly—I understand your feelings, but don't be ashamed, man! it is nothing but what I did myself! I wooed and won—a Kate too!" he added with an almost imperceptible sigh, for he had lost but a few years before the best and most cherished of wives, and, as he often said, he was never the same man after.

"I should think there *is* a mistake," said my aunt standing up to the full height of her com-

manding figure, till she absolutely looked down upon poor Tom who seemed to cower and wither away beneath her cold, proud glance—"and a very serious mistake, too. One of you, gentlemen, or perhaps both, has forgotten who *I* am. The descendant of such a house as ours is not to be treated like some silly chit on whom any jackeen may play off his pranks. Have the goodness to let me pass!"

Both gentlemen would have apologized, and my father came forward as a peacemaker, but on him my aunt was doubly severe: "Go, unworthy descendant of a noble line!" said she in a theatrical tone, "if *you* were what you ought to be, no man would dare to make me a butt for ridicule in your house. I wash my hands of you all!" So saying, she swam out of the room with the solemn dignity of a tragedy queen. My father burst into a loud laugh in which the others soon joined, but my mother, excusing herself for a few minutes, hurried up stairs after my aunt in order to reason her out of her indignation. Tom felt anything but comfortable, and told his friend more than once that he didn't expect such treatment from him.

"I'd just as soon think of making love to my grandmother," said he, "if she was still in the land of the living. Now, my dear sir, that wasn't generous—upon my honor it was not!—what say you, Mr. Preston?"

"Pooh! pooh, man, what about it!—why, it was all a joke—if my sister, old-maid like, is a little touchy or so, that's no reason why you should."

Tea was now brought in, and my mother in a few minutes returned alone, announcing that Miss Preston had lain down, "just to quiet her nerves," she added with a smile.

Many a long day passed before my poor aunt could get over the effects of that shock. Encased in the armor of family pride, she had deemed herself invulnerable to the attacks of ridicule or sarcasm, and now, when she found herself reduced to the level of ordinary mortals, and actually made the subject of a practical joke, her mortification was extreme and her resentment almost as great. That the Counsellor should be a party to the hoax, if not its originator, made the matter ten-fold worse. As for Tom, he was too insignificant for any other feeling than contempt. So said Aunt Kate. "I wouldn't feel half so bad about it, my dear," said she to my mother, "only for that Miss Delany, the grocer's daughter, being present." Now this young lady was the daughter of one of the most eminent merchants in Dublin, an heiress, too, with a fortune that would buy all our property ten times over. My mother smiled, for her father had been a grocer and a retail grocer, too, at one time. But my aunt had no intention of sounding *her* at the time and so she perceived; she, therefore, only smiled, and said it was really too bad that any one had been present, "though, after all," said she, "I can't see the matter as you do. What was it but a joke."

"Joke indeed!" said my aunt with a toss of her head, "they ought to know who they'd joke with."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of my father with a gentleman well known in the legal profession. He was a sort of character in his way, too, and rejoiced in the title of Attorney-at-Law, which figured in large Roman capitals on his door-plate a little way from us in Dominick street.

The compliments of the day being exchanged my father said: "Teresa, my love! I have been speaking to Mr. O'Shaughnessy here about taking George. He is now old enough to study for a profession, and the sooner he begins it is all the better."

"As you please, my dear!" said my mother in her quiet way, and before she could say any more, Aunt Kate broke in with,

"Harry Preston! I'm astonished at you."

"Indeed, Kate!—and why may I ask?"

"Why, surely you wouldn't think of making an Attorney of George? If you *will* have hima lawyer, why not make a Counsellor of him?"

"Because changes are lightsome, my good sister, and because attorneys now-a-days make rapid fortunes if they have only their wits about them—as I think George has—and a tolerable knowledge of their business."

"I'd as soon make him a scavenger!" said my aunt in her most contemptuous tone, "who ever heard of a Preston with Attorney-at-Law after his name? Tell me that now?"

"Why, Kate," said my father, "you surely forget. Don't you know that our great uncle, Dick Preston, who was land-steward to the Marquis of ——, was an attorney by profession——"

"Fie! fie! Harry! why *will* you talk so?" cried my aunt, actually red with vexation, "were it after dinner now, I should say you had taken too much wine. Mr. O'Shaughnessy," turning to the amused lawyer of that name, "my brother talks so fast at times that he hardly takes time to think of what he says. Allow me to correct his statement: the respected relative to whom he has just r eferred, was not a land-steward to Lord —— (low days with him when he had *any* thing to do with the descendent of a Cromwellian trooper!). He was his agent, *not* his land-steward, or any other steward!"

"Land-steward, I maintain!" said my father positively, whereupon my Aunt's color rose, and she was evidently preparing an angry retort, when Mr. O'Shaughnessy, on a signal from my mother interfered with:

"Well! well! Miss Preston, let it pass! Ladies always right. Fine blood the Preston's! remarkably fine!—we'll make you a present of the honorable gentleman, the agent that was! Ahem!—no need to quarrel about him, ahem! Mr. Preston! I've got an appointment at the Courts at twelve precisely—another time will do for Master George's affair. Ahem! good morning ladies. Business is business, you know! Coming my way, Preston, eh?"

"Yes, yes," said my father with a significant glance at my mother, "I'll be with you as far the Quay."

"How insufferably familiar," said my aunt, as they left the room together, "Preston, indeed! I wonder how Harry can make himself jack-fellow like with such people. But he never had proper spirit, and never will now, I'm afraid."

"I fear not, indeed!" said my mother with her winning smile, and then she changed the conversation. That very day George was articled, as the lawyers say, to Mr. O'Shaughnessy, and my poor aunt had to get over her disappointment the best way she could.

The next point at issue amongst the elders of our house was the sending of my younger brother, Alfred, to College. My father was half inclined to send him to old Trinity, the local *Alma Mater*, as being the cradle of Dublin genius. But this was positively objected to by my dear mother, and to do her justice, my Aunt, too, declared strenuously against it.

"A fig for your Dublin genius," said she, taking the word out of my mother's mouth, "old Trinity, as you call it, is no place for Catholics. Unless you want to make a Protestant of Alfred (as you're making an atorney of poor George), don't send him there."

"Kate is right, Harry," put in my mother, "if he did not come back to us a thorough-going Protestant, you would find him a very bad Catholic, and that, in my opinion, is still worse. Why not send him to Clongowes?"

"Pshaw!" said my father, "I don't much like the Jesuits—that's the truth!"

"More shame for you!" mother answered with more asperity than she almost ever showed: "if you were a more practical Catholic, my dear Harry, you would never say so. It is always a bad sign to hear Catholics saying they don't like Jesuits, for, after all, what order has done more for the advancement of religion?—what order has waged a more vigorous warfare against the powers of darkness? You were quite willing to send George there, and I should like to know what the Jesuits have done since."

To this my father could only answer that George had not made such progress as he expected under the Fathers of Clongowes.

"That was his own fault—not theirs," said my mother quickly; "you know—we all know that George is not over studious or attentive. But to cut the matter short, my dear I will never give my consent to send Alfred to any Protestant institution while there are others to be had. I should fear the responsibility attached to such a step."

"Certainly, Teresa, certainly," put in my aunt again, "it would be a very shocking thing, indeed, if a Preston fell away from the true faith."

"Well, well, ladies! have it your own way," said my father, in his cheerful, off-hand way, "I have too much of the old family-spirit, Kate, to wage war on the weaker sex. I was only breaking a lance for the sake of amusement; I am quite willing to take Alfred to Clongowes tomorrow, by way of making amends."

My mother said "not quite so soon," but it was agreed upon that we should make a party on the following Monday to escort Alfred to Clongowes. The intervening days were days of bliss to us youngsters. We had a regular succession of amusements in the shape of juvenile parties, visits to the Strawberry Beds, the Botanic Gardens, the Zoological Gardens in the Park, and lastly a pic-nic excursion to the Glen of the Downs, one of the far-famed beauties of beautiful Wicklow. Many a lovely spot is there hidden amongst the wild mountains of that region, from the romantic coast of Bray to the enchanted solitudes of Glendalough, from Powerscourt Waterfall to the world-renowned Meeting of the Waters in the exquisite Vale of Ovoca.

The appointed Monday came at last, and off we all sallied to convey Alfred to his new destination. We were accompanied by Miss Delany and a dandified young gentleman who aspired to the possession of her hand and fortune. Unluckily for himself he was much given to the wearing of jewelry, affected a lisping accent, and professed a great admiration of everything foreign, with a corresponding contempt of everything Irish. He was fain to pass for a travelled beau, and talked in ecstacies of Rhine-land and Alpine scenery, although he had never set foot on the continental soil of Europe. Now Miss Delany, notwithstanding her plebian origin, was a girl of fine taste and cultivated mind, and loved her country as only an Irish girl can. If there was anything in the world she hated it was foppery and affectation, and she never spared either one or the other when it fell under the lash of her caustic humor. She was, however, a good-natured, lively, off-handed girl, and her reputed fortune more than made up for her want of any uncommon personal attractions. With all our family she was an especial favorite, although Aunt Kate did, at times, "give her a cut," as she said herself, "about sugar-casks and tea-canisters." Her mother was a confirmed invalid, and seldom left her own house, except to go to church, which she did every morning of her life, for they lived in Marlborough street, quite near the Church of the Conception, now the Metropolitan Church of Dublin. The father was too much engrossed with business to visit much on week days, so what time Maria could spare from her mother she usually spent with us.

The fifteen miles from Dublin to Clongowes were whirled over in less than two hours by the wheels of our family carriage, a spacious, and rather old-fashioned barouche, drawn by a pair of handsome bays, (of whose speed and other perfections my father was reasonably proud,) and at four o'clock on that cloudless summer afternoon, we came in sight of the venerable-looking pile, once a baronial castle, now the chief establishment of the Jesuits in Ireland. We young people being all tolerably well read in the history of medieval times, were quite struck with the sight of the fine old building, its noble proportions, massive towers, and battlemented walls.

"Now, that is what I call an appropriate dwelling for the sons of the Martial Loyola, the most warlike of modern saints." This explanation of Miss Delany made us all smile. But she heeded us not, for her eyes were fixed on the imposing edifice before us.

"Yes," said my mother, catching her thought, "those strong towers are certainly emblematic of the hereditary virtues which form the strength of the Society of Jesus, and enable it to resist from age to age the unceasing attacks of the enemy of souls. The ancient fortalice of the Brownes has but changed masters—its destiny is still the same. It is now the stronghold of faith, held for Christ, by the valiant brethern of Xavier and Loyola.

"I shouldn't like to be a Jesuit," lisped young Dillon, with a deprecating look at the heiress.

"I should think not, indeed," said Maria pointedly; "pray, Mr. Dillon! were you educated here?" And she glanced furtively at my mother.

"Here!—at Clongowes!" he repeated in horror, "why, *no*, Miss Delany! I belong to Trinity—I graduated there."

"Ah, indeed!" said the sly Sultena, "I might have known that without asking. Such good Catholics, and patriotic Irishmen can only come forth from Trinity College, Dublin."

The cool sarcasm of her tone staggered even Dillon's thick-skinned self-sufficiency. We all tried hard to keep from laughing, while the beau answered, pulling up his shirt-collar at the same time: "No Catholic, or Irishman, need be ashamed of an *Alma Mater* that gave birth—literary birth—to Thomas Moore."

"Assuredly not!" said the incorrigible Maria, in the same cool, easy tone; "Thomas Moore is a bright example—he wrote Lalla Rookh and the Irish Melodies, and many other fine things no doubt, and left off going to confession or hearing Mass, or any other such old-fashioned Catholic customs, soon after he entered the halls of Trinity. I wouldn't give one farthing for the Catholicity of young men brought up in any such institution. It is no longer the sameless robe—the livery of Our Lord's servants—but a tattered, filthy garment whose original color is no longer to be distinguished. Faugh! I can smell such creatures a hundred yards off, and if *I* had my will they would be banished from civilized society. A man or a woman who, baptized a Christian, can lose sight of his immortal destiny, and rest his hopes on the pitiful vanities of this world—its glittering tinsel and its delusive promises, is, in my mind, only fit to associate with apes and monkeys."

"Glittering tinsel!" cried Carry aloud, "what is that? Is it like Aunt Kate's shining dress, or what?"

Fortunately Aunt Kate was not present, having accepted Alfred's offer to drive her out in the gig. As it was, Carry's question served as a timely diversion for poor Dillon, who, under cover of the laugh which followed, managed to regain his self-confidence, terribly shaken by Maria's caustic applications.

(To be continued.)

NEWS FROM OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

— At the fete given to the Grand Duke Constantine, at Villeneuve-l'Etang, the Emperor, the Empress, and the whole Court amused themselves like so many schoolboys and girls in vacation time. A grassy and sloping hill represented a fortress: the ladies defended it under the command of the Empress, who showed herself as eager for the fray as the most determined of her soldiers. The male portion of the guests made the attack; but these gentlemen, confident in their strength, wished to do the magnanimous, and attacked hopping on one foot. The Empress' Aide-de-camp, Countess Prezdzewska, a Polish lady, fought by the side of her commander and performed prodigies of valor. Notwithstanding the persevering impetuosity of the Grand Duke's attacks he was repulsed several times. The Emperor manœuvred so skilfully that he got into the enemy's camp and was made prisoner!

— Mlle. Rachel has arrived at Marseilles, and was expected in Paris towards the end of May. The great artist's health is greatly improved. During three years that Mlle. Rachel has been absent, the Theatre Francais has continued to pay her salary which is 40,000 francs per annum. There has been some talk about the suppression of that large salary, but as yet there is no positive decision on the matter.

— The Apostolical Nuncio has declared himself willing to negociate the separation of the Canton of Tessino from the dioceses of Milan and Como, but with the restriction that the consent of the bishops of those dioceses, and that of the Austrian government, should first be obtained.

— A Berlin correspondent says, that the use of portative pieces of artillery having been proved practicable and highly useful in the late manœuvres executed on the mountainous lands of the Sudetes, it has been decreed that those pieces shall be adopted in the Prussian army.

— The Emperor of the French will, it is said, visit the Chateau d'Arenenberg this summer. Thence he will proceed to Stuttgardt and Munich, to make friendly calls on the Kings of Bavaria and Wirtemburgh.

— A Spanish gentleman, Don Ramon Garcia Terrero, at present in Lisbon, has invented a stenographic machine, which writes 3,745 words in nine minutes. Don Terrero purposes going to London to dispose of his invention.

— During the first four months of the present year 83 new pieces have been played at the different Parisian Theatres. The month of April was the most productive; it gave birth to 24.

REAL ESTATE IN SAN FRANCISCO.—As an example of the fall of prices in San Francisco, a correspondent writing under date of the 18th of April, says: "A certain hotel in this city, once leased at $72,000 a year, is now being let at $7,200 or 10 per cent. of the first sum; think to what disasters a man might be easily led, predicating his movement upon the first named income! Not far from where I write, there is a building under lease at $80 per month, that once paid $400 a month. But these instances are so common, the ruin and wreck of real estate long since so general, that they have ceased to attract notice."

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS
OF
O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,
OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER I.

Parson Crampton throwing Stones at his own Windows—Parson Hamilton firing at his own Effigy—Parson Hawkesworth's romantic Affair with Miss Fitzgerald—Newspaper Notoriety—Reminiscences of Country Inns—O'Connell's Contrast between Whig and Tory Governments, and their several Bearings on the Agitation—Civil War of 1798—"Memoir on Ireland"—Misgovernment continued for Centuries—O'Connell on his own Notoriety, and his Nomination to the Throne of Belgium.

On the 16th of August our usual agitating staff attended a Repeal meeting at Drogheda. Returning, on the following day, O'Connell laughed heartily at the detection of the Rev. Mr. Crampton in the act of throwing stones at his own windows; the reverend gentleman having complained of attacks upon his house, and procured the attendance of a party of police to protect him from the aggressions of the Popish conspirators. Two of the police who were placed on this duty detected Mr. Crampton, at night, throwing stones at the windows. The reverend gentleman's explanation was, that he did so in order to test the vigilance of his guard. But if he had not been caught in the fact, we probably should never have heard a single word of this "ingenious device."

"These parsons occasionally do very curious things," said O'Connell. "Several years ago, a parson at Roscrea, named Hamilton, dressed up a figure to represent *himself;* seated it at table, with a pair of candles before it, and a Bible, which the pseudo-parson seemed to be intently studying. He then stole out, and fired through the window at the figure. It was a famous case of Popish atrocity—a pious and exemplary clergyman, study ng the sacred word of God, brutally fired at by a Popish assassin! He tried to get a man named Egan convicted of the crime; but having the temerity to appear as a witness himself, it came out upon cross-examination that the reverend divine was entitled to the sole and undivided glory of the transaction."*

O'Connell then mentioned a case in which he was professionally engaged—an action instituted by a Miss Fitzgerald against a Parson Hawkesworth for a breach of promise of marriage.

"Hawkesworth," said he, "had certainly engaged the lady's affections very much. He had acquired fame enough to engage her ambition. He was a crack-preacher—had been selected to preach before the Lord Lieutenant—his name occasionally got into the newspapers, which then was not often the case with private persons; and no doubt this notoriety had its weight in the lady's calculations. Things are changed in this respect, my dear Tom," he said addressing Steele, who was in the carriage with us; "*now* the difficulty is for some people to keep *out* of the newspapers! *If I*, for example, go to see the *Belleisle* frigate, next morning it's all in print! and who were along with me, and how we were received on board, just as if we were princes! But to return to Hawkesworth. The correspondence read upon the trial was comical enough. The lady, it appeared, had at one period doubted his fidelity; whereupon the parson writes to reassure her in these words: 'Don't believe any one who says I'll jilt you! They lie who say so; and I pray that all such liars may be condemned to an eternity of itching without the benefit of scratching.' Three thousand pounds damages were given against him. He was unable to pay, and decamped to America upon a preaching speculation, which proved unsuccessful. He came back to Ireland, and *married the prosecutrix!*"

Our approach to Ashbourne, where we were to breakfast, led O'Connell to talk of the different inns in Ireland, and their various accommodation. Some were famous for their breakfasts, others for their dinners and excellent wine.

"There was the Coach-and-Horse's Inn, at Assolas, in the county of Clare—I dare say you remember it, Tom, close to the bridge. What delicious claret they had there! It is levelled with the ground these many years. Then there was that inn near Maryborough; how often I have seen the old trooper who kept it, smoking his pipe on the stone bench at the door, and his fat old wife sitting opposite to him. They kept a right good house. She inherited the inn from her father and mother, and was trained up early to the business. She was an only child, and had displeased her parents by a runaway match with a dragoon soldier. However, they soon relented, and received her and her husband into favor. The worthy trooper took charge of the stable department, for which his habits well adapted him; and the in-door business was admirably managed by the wife.

"Then there was that inn at Naas—most comfortably kept, and excellent wine. I remember stopping to dine there one day, posting up from the Limerick assizes. There was three of us in the chaise, and ——— was tipsy; his eyes were bloodshot, and his features swollen from hard drinking on the previous night, besides which, he had tippled a little in the morning. As he got out of the chaise, I called him 'Parson,' to the evident delight of a Methodist preacher, who was haranguing a crowd in the street, and who deemed his own merits enhanced by the contrast with a sottish minister of the establishment."

Approaching from Ashbourne to Dublin, some objects of antiquity which Grose had illustrated, recalled that antiquary to the Liberator's mind.

"Grose," said he, "came to Ireland full of strong prejudices against the people; but they gave way beneath the influence of Irish drollery. He was very much teased while walking through the Dublin markets, by the butchers besetting him for his custom. At last he got angry, and told them all to go about their business—when a sly, waggish butcher, deliberately surveying Grose's fat, ruddy face, and corpulent person, said to him—'Well, please your honor, I won't ax you to buy, since it puts your honor in a passion. But I'll tell you how you'll sarve me—*just tell all your friends that it's I that supply you with your mate*—and never fear I'll have custom enough."

One day I met at the Liberator's house two gentlemen from America, one a native American, the other originally from Ulster. They had come to enjoy the pleasure of an interview with the Irish Leader. He told them he considered his facilities for obtaining the Repeal of the Union increased by the accession of the Tories to power. He expected that it would detatch from the Whigs, and send over to the ranks of the Repealers, many persons, who while the Whigs retained the distribution of good things, had abstained from joining the Repeal Association. Speaking of the Tory prospects of being able to retain office, he said he did not think their reign would be of very long duration. There was the necessary reaction; there was the unpopularity always attached to power, in double force when attached to Tory power. "In fact," said he, "the unpopularity of the Whigs has been all *indorsed over* to the Tories."

The American visitors reproached him with having censured the Irish Insurgents of 1798. He replied, that the scheme of rebellion was in itself an ill-digested, foolish scheme, entered upon without the means or the organization necessary to insure success. And as to the leaders, no doubt there were among them some pure, well-intentioned men; but the great mass of them were trafficking speculators, who cared not whom they victimized in the prosecution of their schemes for self-aggrandizement. The Ulster gentleman then said something in praise of the Northern Presbyterian Insurgents; *they* had, at all events, good organization.

"Not they!" said O'Connell. "Not one regiment ever stood to arms as such. All seemed very fine upon paper, but there was little reality. Their officers used to meet at taverns, plotted together, made valiant resolutions, and saw everything *couleur de rose*. The Presbyterians fought badly at Ballinahinch. They were commanded there by one Dickie, an attorney; and as soon as the fellows were checked, they became furious Orangemen, and have continued so ever since."

"But the people had great provocation to take up arms?"

"O, indeed they had. In Wexford, they were actually driven into insurrection by the insane cruelty of Lord Kingston, who, since then, has died in a strait-waistcoat. There was a sergeant of the North Cork militia, nicknamed Tom the Devil, from the unheard-of atrocities he perpetrated on the peasantry. Oh, the cruelty of the administrators, great and small, of English power in Ireland! Why, since the world began, there never was anything like it. I am compiling a book to illustrate this fact. I'll have it out in November next. I'll read you one or two passages just to show you how the same horrible tyranny has been exercised at widely different times, the circumstances different, the actors different, the spirit always identical."

So saying he took up the manuscript of his "Memoir on Ireland," and read passages from the chapters on Henry the Second, Henry the Eighth, and Elizabeth.

"And this system of tyranny was continued for centuries?" said one of the visitors.

"Poh, it is continued to this hour," said O'Connell. "If they do not slaughter with the sword as they formerly did, they massacre by extermination. The Tory landlords, who drive the peasantry in thousands from their cabins, put an end to human life by the slow wasting process of hunger and destitution."

The Ulster gentleman asked, whether Robert Emmet's character should not be exempted from the censure Mr. O'Connell had pronounced upon the insurgent leaders in general.

"Poor man, he meant well," said O'Connell, "but I ask whether a madder scheme was ever devised by a Bedlamite? Here was Mr. Emmet—having got together about £1,200 in money, and seventy-four men; whereupon he makes war upon King George the Third with 150,000 of the best troops in Europe, and the wealth of three kingdoms at his command! Why, my good sir, poor Emmet's scheme was as wild as any thing in romance! No—I always saw, that divided as Ireland is and has been, physical force could never be made an available weapon to regenerate her. I saw that the best and only effective combination must be that of moral force. I have combined the peasantry in moral organization; and on them, with their revered pastors to guide them, do I place my reliance. And I am proud of them—they are the finest people in the whole world! They are so moral—so intelligent. They have flung away drunkenness—they frequent the coffee-shops, where they instruct and inform their minds with a weekly newspapar. And then the good sense of the fellows—whenever I've asked them what part of the paper they read first, they've always answered me, 'We read the *prices* first, sir, and then the *speeches*.'"

One day O'Connell said, "I regret that when Emancipation passed, I did not thenceforth write my name *O'Conal;* it is the original Irish mode of spelling it."

"Yes," said FitzPatrick: "the present mode of spelling it is plainly an English innovation."

O'Connell said he had felt very proud the first time he had ever seen his family name in print. It was in an announcement that the four following colonels had been selected to lead the Verdean expedition — Delacherrois, De La Chasse, Conway, and O'Connell.

"My name is better known now than it was then. That's a good story John O'Brien tells of the postillion at Heidelberg in Germany. O'Brien asked him had he ever heard of O'Connell. 'I did,' said the postillion, '*he is the man who discovered Ireland.*' Do you know," continued O'Connell, "that three persons voted in 1830 to make me King of Belgium?"

"You might have had a good chance if you had offered yourself," said FitzPatrick.

"I should have a better chance if the election took place *now*," replied O'Connell. "I am far better known than I was in 1830. If the revolution hadn't happened till now, and if I stood against Leopold," he added, laughing, "I think I'd run the fellow close enough."

Mr. O'Connell now, at intervals, was engaged in writing his historical "Memoir on Ireland."

The spirit of the lawyer is evident in the conception and arrangement of that book. It is a case for the indictment of England, for sundry national crimes and offences; and the witnesses for the prosecution are principally the English perpetrators of the several iniquities recorded.

It is much to be regretted, that O'Connell only completed the first volume. The second would have embraced the period of the Penal Code. In addition to the illustrations of that era accessible to other historians, he possessed some exceedingly curious particulars, of which he had acquired the knowledge—partly from the narratives of his early associates, and partly from the vast fund of information on the Irish affairs of the last century, opened up to him by his extensive legal practice.

O'Connell anticipated with great glee the abuse his book would elicit from the English press. "I never hit the rascal right in the face till now," said he. "The statements rest upon no adverse authority. They are given in the very words of their own partisans and historians."

In September, he applied himself with diligence to the "Memoir," and composed matter sufficient to make a thick octavo volume. He often amused himself speculating on the excitement the work would produce among friends and foes.

"That's the book," said FitzPatrick to me, "that will be bitterly assailed! Its author, however, will care little for hostile criticism. I think Brougham was right when he said of O'Connell, that assaults made against him produced about as much effect as paper pellets thrown at the hide of a rhinoceros."

The book now went briskly on, until its progress was arrested by the business of preparing for the new municipal election. O'Connell was candidate for the office of Lord Mayor in the new Corporation; and the preliminary task of organizing the several wards of the city of Dublin fell chiefly upon him. Whilst thus incessantly engaged, his attention was still further occupied by an attack from Lord Shrewsbury, levelled at the Repeal Agitation. His lordship advised the English Catholics to desert O'Connell, to desert the fallen Whigs, and to array themselves on the side of the Tory ministry. O'Connell, in reply, accused Lord Shrewsbury of ingratitude to his old Whig friends, and of folly and inconsistency in joining the Tories, who numbered amongst their ranks so many men bitterly hostile to the Catholic religion.

"The secret of Lord Shrewsbury's foolish attack upon me," said O'Connell, "is this; there is a party among the English Catholics who dream of the possibility of procuring, through the medium of the Puseyites, a union of the churches of England and Rome. Now, they cannot conciliate the Puseyites without first throwing *me* overboard: hence Lord Shrewsbury's bitter attack upon me."

The 25th of October was the day on which the new aldermen and town-councillors were elected. The result gave a majority of forty-seven Repealers to thirteen Tories—the total number being sixty. O'Connell was asked if he purposed attending Mass in his Lord Mayor's robes. "No," he replied, laughing; "The Emancipation Act forbids me to do that. The mayor may be a Catholic, but his robes must be Protestants. However, I'll drive to the church gate in my robes, and leave them at the priest's house next door; and I'll put them on again when I come out from Mass."

Walking through College Green, a countryman took off his hat and cheered him—such incidents, I need not say, were of constant occurrence. O'Connell said—"One day I was walking through London, with Tom Campbell the Poet, and a negro took off his hat and begged to thank me for my efforts against negro-slavery. Campbell's poetical fancy was smitten, and he exclaimed with great fervor, "I would rather receive such a tribute as that, than have all the crowned heads in Europe making bows to me!"

Passing the corner of Grafton street, where it opens into College Green, a child stopped to stare at him. "That's just the spot," said he, "where *I* stopped to stare at Lord Edward Fitzgerald. I ran on before him, and turned about to enjoy a good stare at him; he was a nice, dapper-looking fellow, with keen dark eyes."

Mr. —— passed at the opposite side of the street. O'Connell pointed him out to me, saying, "That is one of the richest men in Dublin, and he took a sure way to be so. Of every shilling he ever touched, at least elevenpence-halfpenny stuck to his fingers."

In the midst of his multiplied engagements, O'Connell found it utterly impossible to take his usual autumn recreation at Darrynane. When a friend asked him if he could contrive to go there, he answered, with manifest vexation—

"Why do you talk to me about it?" You know I can't. It is like speaking to an exiled Swiss about his native mountains."

His absence from his mountain home at this period, was equally deplored by the country folk. A letter from his son John, dated Darrynane, October 22, 1841, commences thus:

"My Dear Father:—It is a cruel disappointment to all here, as well as to yourself, that you are so likely not to be able to come down here this year. There was quite a *scene* upon the mountain yesterday when Denis M'Cruachan told the huntsmen you could not come. Two or three of them, led by Curramuc, fairly sat down and cried. Darrynane itself is dull, as much as it can be out of doors, and very dull within. * * * * Your hounds are quite well, but look lonely without you."

In a few days afterwards, John addressed the following letter to a friend in town:

"We are all here going on in quiet and steadiness, and good health; but in great annoyance that my father is to lose his trip to Darrynane. It is very cruel that he should be deprived of even a fortnight's sojourn at Darrynane, which he so greatly desires. Tell me if there be the slightest hope of a change occurring in this respect, and of his being able to run down to us. The disappointment, not only to *us*, but to the poor people here, is extreme; and there are curses, 'not loud, but deep,' on all corporations that ever existed. It is the greatest and most constant damper on the enjoyment of Darrynane, the thought that he cannot come down, and the lonely feeling of his absence.

"We have had a play, which we were preparing for him, and which we acted at last four or five days ago, as there appeared no immediate prospect of his coming here. But we had great hopes of being able to act it again in his presence, until Eliza received the disheartening intelligence that he could not come. I don't like to give up all hope even yet."

Thus wrote John; but Darrynane was for the present unattainable.

O'Connell had written circular letters, canvassing the support of the aldermen and town-councillors. Among the answers he received, was the following letter from his old friend, Mr. Staunton:

"*Dublin Morning Register* Office,
October 29, 1841.

"My Dear Sir:—There are now few living men who know you longer or more intimately than I do. I have been an observer of all your actions in public, and many of them in private, for the last thirty years. I can bear witness to what you have done for Ireland, in those numerous years in which you received no personal benefit at her hands, and in which you were making daily and enormous sacrifices of time and money in her service. I have seen the personal risks you encountered, and inferred from them how prodigal you would be even of life, if by its forfeiture you could advance her welfare. My belief is, that there never existed a man more devoted to Ireland in heart, soul, and exertions, than yourself. My belief also is, that there never was a man so capable of serving her, or who actually conferred upon her such important and lasting benefits.

"In short, I have known you as a patriot, a citizen, a head of a family, a kinsman, and a friend. *Therefore*, you are certain of my vote, before all others, for any distinction or advantage that can be conferred upon you. I will add, that when I give you my vote, I shall have discharged the most gratifying duty it has ever fallen to my lot to perform.

"I am, my dear Sir, yours, with the truest sincerity, Michael Staunton.

"Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P."

(To be continued.)

What Constitutes Civilization.—By one historian it is said nations that coin money, may be considered civilized; another, that hospitals for the insane, which were found in Mexico at the conquest, give that character to a nation. A new one is proposed—that we call that State of the Union the most civilized which has the most pleasure carriages and pianos. Ohio will rank high; she has taxed two thousand seven hundred and thirty-one pianos the last year. Gentility was defined "keeping a gig." In Ohio there are no fewer than two hundred and sixty-one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine pleasure carriages and wagons, valued at five million five hundred and thirty thousand eight hundred and sixty-three dollars! Is it any wonder, O Ohio Farmer!—that butter is scarce? Diocles gave the first example to the world of a resignation of supreme power and a throne. The amusements of letters and of devotion, which afford so many resources in solitude, were incapable of fixing his attention; but he had preserved, or at least soon recovered, a taste for the most innocent as well as natural pleasures, and his leisure hours were employed in building and gardening. He rejected a solicitation to resume the imperial purple with a smile of pity, calmly observing, if he could show Maximian the cabbages he had planted with his own hands, he should no longer be urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power.

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* See "Ireland and her Agitators" for a full detail of this curious transaction; the particulars of which were furnished to the present writer by a member of the Egan family.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

A riot, formidable in its character and fatal in its results, took place in Portglenone. It appears a fair was held on that day, which was largely attended. In the course of the afternoon, a dispute took place between some parties at a public-house, which soon attracted the crowd in the neighborhood. Several parties joined in the affray, until it became general. The constabulary promptly interfered, but their efforts were unavailing against the formidable forces engaged in the conflict. The belligerents attacked a house from which a shot proceeded, which killed a woman named Kyle, and we learn, seriously wounded two men, one of them named Caskey. The affray was one of those party collisions which have been of too frequent occurrence in that locality. Mr. Jellet, of Ballymena, visited Portglenone to hold an inquest on the body of the unfortunate female who was shot. We have not been able to ascertain the result, but we shall be in a position to give full details in our next publication.—*Banner of Ulster.*

A most respectable meeting of the friends of Tenant Right was held on Wednesday, in the Victoria Temperance Hotel, Waring street, Belfast, for the purpose of conferring as to the best means of establishing a Tenant Right organization in Ulster. On the motion of Mr. J. Hamill, seconded by the Rev. John Rogers, William Sharman Crawford, Esq., was called to the chair. The chairman then made a few appropriate remarks as to the object of the meeting, when a discussion arose as to whether the meeting should be public or private, some parties not thinking it proper that the proceedings should be published, as the meeting was merely preliminary. It was thought better that the reporters should remain, as it might prejudice public opinion to exclude them, and if anything of a private nature came before them, they could refer it to a committee, who would report to a general meeting, After transacting the business, it was agreed that the secretary call the next meeting. Mr. Crawford was then voted from the chair, and Mr. O'Hara was called thereto, when the thanks of the meeting were warmly tendered to Mr. Crawford for his kindness in presiding. In reply, Mr. Crawford said—As long as I live, and have the power of memory and speech, I will advocate the cause of Tenant Right.—*Ibid.*

Cavan.

During the Easter holidays the annual theatricals of the Kilmore Seminary came off with more than ordinary brilliancy and success. They were witnessed by a large and respectable audience from the town of Cavan and its vicinity; and amongst those present on the occasion were the Lord Bishop of the diocess, the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, the Right Rev. Dr. Brady, Lord Bishop of Perth, and a large number of priests, together with a goodly sprinkling of the lighter cloth. The plays selected for the occasion were (on the first night), "The Surrender of Calais," and (on the second), "The Battle of Bannockburn." The corresponding afterpieces were, "The Spourtheen," a farce written for the occasion, and "The Wandering Minstrel." To all of these ample justice was done in the performance. Every student sustained the character entrusted to him with a cleverness of representation that almost made the personation real. Some of the students are particularly deserving of notice, and amongst these we may mention Mr. John Brady, who, as *Count Ribaumont* in "The Surrender of Calais," and *Bruce* in "The Battle of Bannockburn," displayed no ordinary ability. His delivery and action were judicious and appropriate; and the energy and pathos which he threw into the most vehement passages, proved that he had a mind alike capable to understand and to feel.

Cork.

A serious accident occurred on the Blackrock road, from the incautious use of gunpowder, by a lad named Dineen, the son of a fisherman residing in the neighborhood. A number of children were collected together on the road, when Dineen playfully threw amongst them a quantity of powder, which he had obtained at the Gas Works. The powder ignited, and exploded before the children could escape, injuring the whole of them—about 14 in number—some slightly, others most seriously. Dineen, the cause of the accident, was more severely injured than any of the other children, and is now, together with four more, in the South Infirmary, in a very precarious state.—*Examiner.*

We regret to have to announce the unexpected death of Mr. Minhear, at his residence, Sydney Place. Though Mr. Minhear had been ailing for the few days before, the matter was considered of too little importance to excite attention. For many years Mr. Minhear held a leading position in the commercial community of Cork, and the high character he had achieved for honor, integrity, and ability as a merchant, deservedly obtained for him the respect and consideration of those with whom he was associated, while those qualities which could be best known in the retirement of private life secured for him the ardent affection of his family and the warm attachment of his friends. —*Ibid.*

Mr. Thomas Williams, manager of the establishment of Messrs. Daniel Mahony & Son, butter merchants, and a gentleman much respected, died quite suddenly. Mr. Williams had been laboring for some time under delicate health. He was a man of very steady and temperate habits, and leaves a wife and two children. An inquest was held at the residence of the deceased, when Dr. M'Evers was examined, and deposed that as far as an opinion could be formed, without a *post mortem* examination, death was the result of extensive disease of the liver, of some years' standing, terminating suddenly in a manner which the doctor proceeded to describe.—*Ibid.*

Joseph Daly was indicted before the Recorder, for having rescued some articles from George Love, late collector of ministers' money, who had seized them for a debt of 9s., which he alleged was due by the defendant on his house. The evidence was the same as that given on the examination before the magistrates, which we published. The jury found Daly guilty, with a recommendation to mercy. His worship fined the defendant 10s., which was paid by Mr. Denis O'Flyn, who was present at the trial, and the parties left the court.—*Ibid.*

An influential meeting of the Liberal electors of Mallow was held in the new School House, on the 17th of May, to co-operate for the formation of an Independent County Club. The Chair was taken by John Moriarty, Esq. The Chairman expressed his gratification on being called on to preside, and his sense of the utility of the proposed organization. The Rev. John M'Carthy moved the first resolution to the effect that four lay electors of the parish be selected to act as members of the club, in conjunction with the parish priest and one of the curates. He explained the objects of the proposed organization, and its probable efficiency in securing unanimity, and helping to procure a just and reasonable settlement of the so long vexed land question. At present the state of the land laws was obviously and undeniably opposed to justice, reason, and the common weal; and it was the duty of every one, but especially of the farmers, whose interests were more immediately involved, to co-operate for their amendment. The Rev. Pierce Greene, P.P., in an able and eloquent speech, seconded the resolution. Four lay members having been selected, and the petition in favor of the Tenant Right Bill having been adopted, the meeting separated with a hearty cheer for the new club.

The Lord Chancellor has, on the recommendation of the Right Hon. Lord Fermoy, lieutenant of the county, appointed Thomas Godfrey, Esq., M.D., of Brown Hill, Coachford, a magistrate of the county of Cork. Looking to the exclusive political complexion which has hitherto characterized the Coachford bench, and the high position which Dr. Godfrey occupies, not only in the medical profession, but as a consistently Liberal Protestant, in the esteem and regard of the Catholic clergy and people of the Coachford district especially, we consider his appointment as one of the most necessary and popular appointments yet recommended by Lord Fermoy.

Derry.

In many parts of the county Derry landlords and their agents seem determined to provoke popular irritation, as well as to defy public opinion, and of course they must have made up their minds to resist the power they voluntarily despise. On a certain property in the neighborhood of Magherafelt, we have heard that matters are carried with a high hand against all tenants who supported Counsellor Greer at the late county election, and on the Bellaghy estate, the landlords and their officials are equally active in the discharge of their peculiar functions. In this quarter, bog is the necessary of tenant life that is most accessible to attack, and the Liberal voters about Bellaghy have, we understand, been very largely served with "Notices to Quit" the bog erewhile held by them for the comfort of their families during the winter season. The Rev. Joseph C. Stuart, Presbyterian minister, has been honored with one of these missives, at the instance of the "Right Hon. John Byng, Earl Strafford, Lady Louisa French, and Sir Robert Bateson, Baronet," and bearing the official signature of "A. Spotswood," and "Thomas S. Gilmore," respectively "agent and receiver of rents for the aforesaid persons." From the character which Mr. Spotswood has usually borne as an agent, we are rather surprised to find his name attached to a document of this description, but the age of marvels, it seems, has not wholly passed away. The landed gentry have only to proceed as they have begun, and they will force the British Parliament to give the people the ballot, or happily some more efficient system of protected voting before twelve months shall have gone round. These "notices" are the best agitators that can be sent abroad amongst the community, and, in good time, the feudal gentry will find it so to their bitter repentance.—*Stoudard.*

Down.

The tide of emigration from this port to Liverpool, *en route* for America and Australia, is larger this season than has been the case for some years back. We also notice some "returns" from America.—*Newry Examiner.*

Two of the great receiving houses of human misery and crime in our county are now, comparatively speaking, but very thinly populated. Our report under the head of the Dundalk Union indicates a wonderful decrease of ppuperism, while our large County Jail has few tenants. There are only thirty-seven prisoners in custody, of whom there is not one for trial at the assizes, and only two for trial at quarter sessions. Out of this small number we must deduct three debtors, and one half-dozen consigned to "durance vile" for a few weeks from our petty sessions and police courts. Petty larcenies and petty debts constitute the sum total of the crime of the county. No agrarian murders, no highway robberies. Daring villany is at a sad discount in our county.—*Ibid.*

Dublin.

There was a court held for the admission of Freemen before the Lord Mayor, in the Council Room, City Hall. Mr. Ralph Cusack and other professional gentlemen attended on behalf of the Conservatives, and Mr. George Keogh attended on behalf of the Liberals. There were thirty conservative claims for admission. Upon their being proceeded with, Mr. Keogh raised an objection as to the informality of the majority, upon which a lengthened discussion took place. A great number were ruled by his lordship to be informal, not having been lodged within a sufficient time, and the result was, that out of all claims lodged only ten passed the Lord Mayor. It should be observed, however, that even these ten are again subject to have their cases reinvestigated before the Revising Barrister, before they can become entitled to the franchise. The proceeding was merely a preliminary one in reference to their rights as parliamentary voters.

The Theatre Royal, Dublin, was partly built by money subscribed by persons on the faith and security of debentures issued by Mr. Henry Harris, the original lessee of the theatre. Mr. Harris having some difference with Mr. Jones, the proprietor of the Crow street theatre, determined to erect a theatre of his own, and accordingly took the plot of ground in Hawkins street, in which stood the premises formerly occupied by the Royal Dublin Society. He then borrowed large sums of money from the public on debentures, which were to pay the owners of them three per cent. per annum. The debentures were of two classes—one of £125—the other of £200. The owners of debentures were entitled in respect of each debenture to issue a ticket of admission every night of a performance at the theatre. They received three per cent. interest on the debentures till 1828 when Mr. Harris, who besides raising money on debentures, had borrowed a large sum of money from a Mr. Bickerell, to whom he granted two annuities for £700, and £300 respectively, found that the profits of the theatre would not afford to pay interest on the debentures, and accordingly the interest ceased to be paid, but the right of the debenture holder to give a free ticket of admission to the theatre never was stopped, and it continued to the present time. Very soon it appeared that some of the debenture holders exercised their privilege in a way not a little injurious to the theatre—namely, by selling passes of admission. The right to do so, however, existed and was unquestioned, however the trustees of Mr. Bickerell demurring—a compromise was come to and a deed was executed on the 31st of May, 1839, between Henry Harris, the original patantee of the theatre, several other parties interested, and such of the debenture holders as signed it, and by the term of that deed the right of the debenture holders to sell passes was taken away, but their privilege of issuing nightly tickets of admission was continued.

Galway.

We regret to announce the sudden death of Thos. Robinson, Esq., Wilmount, Athenry, on Sunday last, by apoplexy, after attending the Loughrea Races on Friday and Saturday. —*Vindicator.*

The petition against the return of Mr. O'Flaherty was sent off on Tuesday evening, and was prevented on Thursday night. The agent is Mr. Baker of Parliament street, London. The allegations have reference to particular acts of bribery, treating and personation.—*Ibid.*

It was wise and well-timed, and at the same time economical, in the guardians, the change of diet from potatoes to bread in the workhouse. The change will, we trust, effect two good things; it will help to keep down the price of potatoes in our market, and keep numbers from seeking admission into the workhouse, who should enter if potatoes were to run up in price.—*Mercury.*

Anthony O'Flaherty, Esq., is to be a deputy lieutenant for the county of the town of Galway; Peter Sarsfield Comyn, Esq., to be a deputy lieutenant for the county of the town of Galway; Charles Hunt, Esq., being appointed resident magistrate for the county of Antrim, under act 6th, William IV., cap. 13, to be stationed at Ballymena, in the room of M. Singleton, Esq., removed to another county; Wm. Jamieson, Esq., of Cootehill, has been appointed a justice of the peace by the Lord Chancellor.

Pursuant to previous notification a meeting assembled in the Town Courthouse, for the purpose of practically carrying out the resolutions adopted at the meeting held last, in reference to the exportation of potatoes from this locality, and to hear what measures had been taken by the committee for the repression of such traffic. The meeting was principally attended by the industrial and laboring classes, the parties, indeed, vitally interested in preventing the exportation of their staple food in a season of dearth like the present, and where the want of employment is so general. The chair was taken by Mr. Martin Sweeny. Mr. J. C. O'Shaughnessy addressed the meeting. He observed that the result of their demonstration last Saturday afforded another decisive proof of the force of public opinion, constitutionally but firmly exercised. That demonstration had produced a great practical result, for it had induced the parties who were most active and most extensively engaged in the obnoxious traffic, to pledge themselves that they would relinquish it. (Loud cheers.) He was certain they would adhere to that solemn pledge and that none would be dishonorable, or dastardly enough to violate it. (Loud cheers.) He congratulated the meeting upon the successful result of their demonstration. It was full time that a decided resistance should be made to such iniquitous speculations—speculations that threatened the very existence of the poorer classes of the county, and to create anew the horrors of pestilence and famine. No sophisms of political economy—no shallow theories of free trade were admissable here, for the highest, the greatest, the most inalienable of all human rights was the law of self-preservation. Upon a motion of Mr. T. Lee, seconded by Mr. T. Naughton, a committee was nominated, in order to carry out practically the objects of the meeting. The thanks of the meeting were unanimously voted to Messrs. O'Shaughnessy and Carter, and their zealous exertions in the cause, and the meeting then separated.—*Vindicator.*

Kerry.

Mr. James Barrett sold by auction, at his sale room, Nelson street, Tralee, a well secured profit rent of $23 8s. 9d., arising out of certain premises at the Spa. After a good deal of competition betweeen Mr. Nicholas Donovan, Mr. W. J. Neligan, Mr. Henry Benner and others, it was knocked down to the first-named gentleman for £500—being at the rate of about twenty-five years' purchase for the net income of a property that cannot be expected to increase in value. —*Chronicle.*

Louth.

Mr. John Murray, architect, Dundalk, has carried off the premium offered by directors of the Dundalk Exchange and Market Company for the best plan of their contemplated new buildings. Mr. Murray had many able competitors, but to his credit, and the credit of Dundalk, he carried off the prize, thus forcibly proving the extent of his artistic skill, and his great ability as a practical architect.—*Democrat.*

Mayo.

The Mayo petition is the first to be tried, and the Committee will have commenced its sittings in a fortnight. Mr. O. Higgins has all the influence and all the aid the government can give him, sustained by the indefatigable exertions of his "oligarchy of buckeens." The collection to defray Mr. Moore's expenses, which must be considerable, has been commenced in several districts, and we hope we shall be able to report practical and general progress next week. It ought to spread into every parish in Ireland where there are ten men who admire the splendid ability and the unsparing devotion with which Mr. Moore has done his duty—and it ought to testify the sense of the country, not so much by the sums subscribed, as by the numbers who contribute. The government do not allow their candidates to bear the cost of a litigated election like this—nor ought the people in the case of a man, who has spent and sacrificed so much in their service.—*Nation.*

Queen's County.

A curious point of international law has just been raised by an American of the name of Maillard, who is resident in this country. On the 17th of April last he authorized cer-

tain parties to attend an auction of stock in the Queen's Co., at which they purchased for him a number of lambs and sheep for the sum of £62. The sale was conducted in the usual manner, and the buyer received in due form the auctioneer's bill of sale and receipt; but when Mr. Maillard's agent attempted to remove the stock, a very large mob, armed with bludgeons and other weapons, interfered and seized the cattle. In this extremity he addressed the Chief Secretary, putting the entire circumstances of the case before him in the shape of an unsworn affidavit, and asking directions as to the recovery of his property. An official letter in reply informed him that Captain Whelan, resident Magistrate at Maryborough, would take his depositions; but that gentleman demurred. He assured him, however, that inquiry would be made into the matter. To this course Mr. Maillard objected, and a second letter to the Chief Secretary ensued. The answer recommended Mr. Maillard to prosecute at the petty sessions the parties whom he accused of retaining his stock, adding that the Executive had no control over the case. After a lapse of ten days, Mr. Maillard, finding that the authorities would not assist him in recovering his purchases in the way he wished, avowed in a letter to Colonel Larcom his determination to take the stock by force. He then addressed the American Consul resident in Dublin, and laid all the facts before him, when that gentleman wrote to the Castle authorities demanding redress for his countryman, whose property, he alleged, was detained by a violent rabble. Colonel Larcom's reply again pointed out that its recovery could only be obtained by proceedings at the petty sessions, and that his Excellency could not issue summary orders for the removal of the cattle. After receiving this letter, Mr. Maillard announced his determination to appeal to the American Cabinet on the ground that the Irish Executive had refused him aid, although there was no legal issue involved, declaring at the same time that he would demand full compensation for his losses.

Waterford.

Four letter receivers, such as the present used by the Post-office in Dublin, London, &c., have been forwarded from Dublin here, and are at once to be erected in suitable places in the streets. One is to be seen on the Mall.—*News.*

A most interesting and gratifying examination of deaf mutes from St. Joseph's, Dublin, took place in the large room, Town Hall. A large and respectable audience assembled to witness this very pleasing sight. The students of St. John's College were present, as were also some of the Christian Brothers. The Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien on entering the room in which the examination took place, was greeted with applause. On the motion of James Kent, Esq., seconded by Alderman Kiely, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, R.C.B., took the chair. Rev. J. R. Burke then addressed the assembly, and gave an interesting account of the manner in which the education of deaf mutes is conducted. Two deaf mutes, boys of the age of 12 years, (pupils of the institution,) then underwent a searching examination by the Rev. J. B. Burke, professor of the institution, in grammar, arithmetic, and geography, in each of which branches they acquitted themselves with so much credit and ability, as to call forth from the audience frequent and cordial bursts of applause. They were also examined in the catechism, with which they showed themselves to be thoroughly acquainted. A deaf mute, about 18 years of age, was briefly examined in history, in which branch he evinced great proficiency and deep reading. The examination proved highly successful, the pupils not failing to answer with expertness and accuracy every question. The examination then concluded.—*Ibid.*

Wexford.

Our New Ross correspondent informs us that there was a jockey killed at the races near Thomastown, and another seriously injured, who has since died.—*People.*

How Irish Bravery is Rewarded.—On the 11th of May, the troops belonging to the provisional battalion at Chatham were marched to the lines, for the purpose of witnessing the presentation of a French war medal, awarded by the Emperor of the French to private John Byrnes, 52d Light Infantry, late of the 18th Royal Irish, for distinguished conduct while serving with the allied forces in the Crimea. The letter from the Horse Guards, directing the presentation of the medal, was read by Captain R. Roney, after which it was handed to Private Byrne by Lieutenant-Colonel Phillips, who made an appropriate speech. Private Byrne, when in the ranks of the 18th Royal Irish, behaved with great gallantry in the attack on the Redan on the 18th of June, going out under a heavy fire and bringing in a wounded soldier, who afterwards died. During the whole time he was in the Crimea, Byrne was never absent from any of his duties a single day. He also served in the Burmese war, for which he has a medal, and has now volunteered to proceed to India. (But John Byrne remains a private still.)

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Ordination at Ardfert.—On Sunday, 17th May, for the first time for the last three hundred years, the solemn ceremony of ordination was performed in the Catholic Church of Ardfert. The day was particularly propitious. May, in all her balmy beauty, seemed to have put on her Sabbath robe, and flung away the cold and gloomy garb with which, since the opening of the "merrie month," she had veiled her well-remembered features. The hawthorn gave out its incense, the birds sang their myriad songs from bush and brake and forest tree, while the sun, in whose "blue path in heaven" not a cloud was visible, brought out into clear perspective every feature of a landscape, in which lofty mountains, beautiful green fields, stretching away in the distance, golden sandhills, affording here and there a glimpse of the silvery waves of the Atlantic, the venerable ruins of the glorious old cathedral, and the ancient abbey, with the lordly trees which guard its exquisite repose, were magically prominent. The church itself, so creditable to the zeal of pastor and people, and which, when the spire shall have been completed, will be one of the most beautiful buildings of its class in Ireland, looked even more attractive than on the day of its consecration. And not the least pleasing feature of its external ornamentation, is the neat and ample cemetery now in process of completion, and in which repose, in chastely moulded tombs, the ashes of the warm-hearted and universally beloved "Father Jerry" and those of his respected predecessor. We were not surprised to see the people of the surrounding parishes crowding in from an early hour to witness the ordination of an interesting and amiable young man, known to them from his childhood, as one whom his industrious and respectable family had dedicated to the "service of the sanctuary." But notwithstanding the large number of persons present, we never saw a more orderly congregation, the only interruption of devotional decorum —if, indeed, it could be considered an interruption, being a murmur of evident joy from that portion of the chapel where the family of the *Sogarth oge* knelt, when the ceremony of ordination was completed by the investiture of the cincture and vestment, and the Rev. Thomas Carmody, who had received deacon's orders on the previous day, stood before the altar a "priest of the people." The Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, assisted by the Rev. John O'Connell, priest of the parish, as Archdeacon, the Rev. Thomas Carmody, P. P., Castlemaine, the Rev. James Scanlan, C. C., the Rev. Michael O'Leary, C. C., performed the ceremony of ordination in full pontificals. The Right Rev. Prelate preached an appropriate sermon, in the course of which he took occasion to refer to the murrain which was creating so much havoc in other lands, and which, if a merciful and prayer-fearing God did not interpose, might bring desolation on this country. He then took occasion to say that during his visit to that district he had found no case of scandal; but he would impress on the heads of families to be more diligent in affording facilities to their dependants to take part in prayer and other devotional exercises. He commended them highly for the zeal and liberality they had shown in the rapid erection of that temple in which they were now worshipping, and which it had been hardly hoped would be finished in our day. He importuned them to go on and complete the good work, and leave to their children a glorious monument of their zeal for God's house. The solemnities of the day being over, young and old crowded around the Rev. Mr. Carmody for his "blessing."—*Tralee Chronicle.*

The Jesuits in Switzerland.—The Rev. Father De Wattewl, of the Society of Jesus, has, by his will, bequeathed to the Canton of Berne the greater portion of his patrimonial inheritance, which amounts to more than one hundred thousand francs (four thousand pounds sterling), to be distributed by the Cantonal government—the majority of whom are Protestants—amongst the poor and indigent of all sects and creeds without any distinction, whether the indigent be Protestants, Catholics, Jews, &c. Charity—Divine, heaven-born charity—was this good Jesuit's object, not sect or creed, in this, following his Divine Father's command—"Go, thou, and do likewise."—*From the Ami de la Religion.*

Farewell Tribute to the Rev. P. Meany, C.C.—A meeting of the Roman Catholic parishioners of St. Mary's and Paul's, Clonmel, was held in the Liberal newsroom, for the purpose of devising the most suitable means of paying a tribute of respect to the Rev. P. Meany, C.C., on his late unexpected removal from the curacy of St. Mary's. A list was at once opened and liberally responded to by the parties present. A committee was then appointed, the town divided into districts, and the members appointed to collect subscriptions towards the intended tribute.—*Clonmel Chronicle.*

The Fathers of St. Vincent de Paul.—These faithful disciples of their divine Master prosecute with untiring purpose their labors in behalf of the poor. So multitudinous are those seeking the confessional that the Missioners and local clergy are assisted by the clergy of the country districts. A solemn High Mass was sung for the souls of the faithful departed in Dundalk and its vicinity. The Missionaries, or as they are styled here, the Missioners, with the clergy of the town and country districts, are employed from six o'clock in the morning to a late hour at night hearing confessions, &c. The discourses delivered by the Fathers of St. Vincent de Paul, were at once simple, earnest and impressive. They are, in a special manner, *the Fathers of the Poor*, and, accordingly, their language is plan to every comprehension, while their sentiments are sublime and heart-touching. Never was the tone of public, and we might add, private morals, higher in Dundalk—never were holy teachings more fully illustrated in their influence than in the improved religious and moral conduct of a large community. We believe the Prior of the Order is shortly expected in Dublin, and that the Fathers will suspend their mission here for a few days to visit him, and afterwards resume their labors in Dundalk for perhaps a fortnight longer. Multitudinous will be the blessings that will attend them from this town.—*Newry Examiner.*

The New Catholic Church, Tramore.—A numerously attended meeting of the ladies was held in the sacristy of the present church, on Thursday, the 4th May. Amongst the ladies present—were Mrs. P. W. Power, Mrs. J. Duff Coughlan, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Joseph Power, Mrs. John Power, Waterford; Mrs. Edmond Power, Eastlands; Mrs. James Power, Bonvoy; Mrs. Molyneux, Mrs. Eliza Power, Mrs. Hearne, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Slaney, Mrs. Carrigan, Mrs. Wall, Mrs. Hayes, the Misses Power, Churchtown; Miss Carroll, of Mount Neill. The meeting was convened to make arrangements for holding a bazaar, in aid of the funds of the splendid church in course of erection at this fashionable watering place. The ladies decided on holding the bazaar in the first week of August. They will, we feel confident, organize a bazaar equal to any we have yet seen, worthy of themselves, and of an edifice which, when completed, will be, without doubt, one of the finest parish churches in the kingdom.—*Waterford Chronicle.*

Catholic Dormitory—Society of our Blessed Lady of Charity and Refuge of Sinners.—The usual weekly meeting of the ladies connected with this admirable society was held on Sunday, the 17th May, at the committee rooms, 174 Townsend-street, Dublin, for the purpose of making arrangements for carrying on the bazaar and drawing of prizes, which are to take place in the month of August next. The Rev. T. J. Towers, of the Church of St. Saviour, Denmark street, presided. Among the ladies present were—Mrs. Whyte, and Mrs. Joyce, Townsend street; Mrs. M'Robins, the Misses Dunne, Luke-street; the Misses Walsh, Baggot street; Miss D'Arcy, Great Clarance place; Miss Mary Ryan, Kingston; Miss Barton, Townsend street; &c., &c. Several prizes were handed in by Mrs. Robins, Miss Magan, of Liffey street, and Miss Eliza Dunne, of Luke street; as also various small sums for cards, after which the meeting adjourned.—*Nation.*

Ceremony of Profession.—At the Convent of Mercy in this town, Sister Mary Joseph Kearney, daughter of the late Denis Kearney, Esq., Clonmel, made her solemn renunciation of the world, and received the black veil from the hands of the Right. Rev. Dr. Furlong, bishop of this diocese. His lordship addressed a most appropriate and animating exhortation to the novice about to make her vows, and afterwards interrogated her in the usual manner, and then proceeded to offer the Adorable Sacrifice, attended by Rev. Thomas Roche, C.C., Enniscorthy, who acted as master of ceremonies also on the occasion.—*Wexford People.*

Catholic Parochial Church, Skerries.—The new organ (built expressly for this church by the eminent firm of Telfords, Brothers, Stephen's green, Dublin,) was opened for the first time for divine service; and its tones were heard accompanying a brilliant and effecting vocal choir, echoing the praises of God, and hymning the triumphs of His saints within the walls of this beautiful temple of Catholic worship, whose interior needed but the addition of this noble instrument, to render it one of the most complete and tastefully finished Catholic parish churches to be found within the country districts of the archdiocese of Dublin.

The New Bishops.—The Archbishop of Dublin has received from the Pope bulls confirming the election to the bishopric of Cloyne of the Right Rev. Dr. Keane, the present bishop of Ross; and also affirming the election of the Very Rev. Dr. Leahy, Dean of Cashel, to the Archiepiscopal See.

Diocese of Killaloe.—The Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan assembled his Clergy at Synod on the 4th May in the large church, Miltown Malbay. When High Mass was over, the congregation retired, and the Clergy remained in with the Bishop. Forty-six priests were present.

St. Philip's Church.—The Month's Mind for the late Rev. Philip Gough took place on Friday last in the Church of St. Philip. After the office for the dead, a solemn Requiem Mass before the Bishop took place. The Rev. Mr. Domenec of St. Vincent's was the celebrant, Rev. Mr. Reilly of St. Philip's Deacon, Rev. William McLoughlan of Tremont Sub-Deacon, Rev. Mr. Whelan of St. Philip's Master of the Ceremonies. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Wood, after the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, pronounced the solemn absolution. There were about thirty persons present, a much larger number was expected.—*Philadelphia Catholic Herald and Visitor.*

On Sunday last the Right Rev. Bishop Neumann administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in St. Peter's Church to over 200 children of this congregation.—*Ibid.*

The blessing of the corner stone of another Catholic Church, to be erected at the Coteau St. Louis, Mile End, and which will be called the Church of St, Viateur—will take place on Tuesday next, the 11th inst. His Lordship, the Bishop of Montreal, will officiate. It is intended that the new church shall be built in what is known as the Byzantile style—a style which, as yet, has no monuments in Montreal, and scarcely any in the New World. The plans have been furnished by M. Bourgeau. The length of the building will be one hundred and fifty feet, and its bredth sixty. The whole will be surmounted by a an elegant steeple of cut stone, as high as the cross.—*Montreal True Witness.*

Charitable Bequests.—Philip Magovern, lately deceased, has left the following bequests to charitable and religious institutions in Philadelphia: To St. John's Orphan Asylum, in the 24th Ward, $1,000; St. Joseph's Society for Orphan's, $1,000; St. Joseph's Hospital, $1,000; Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, $1,000. May he rest in peace.

One hundred and seventy-five persons were confirmed in the Cathedral, at Cincinnation Sunday, May 31, by the most Rev. Archbishop Purcell. They were chiefly from the Cathedral boys' and girls' schools.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

The most Rev. Archbishop Purcell purposes to visit the churches of Chllicothe. Pomeroy, Wilkesville and Mount Vernon, during the month of August—*Ibid.*

Whit-Monday, the Most Rev. Archbishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in the Church of St. Ignatius, to thirty students of Loyola College.—*Baltimore Mirror.*

The fair recently held at Charleston, S. C., for the benefit of the Sisters of our Lady of Mercy's Orphan Asylum, procured the liberal sum of $7,600.

The corner stone of a new Roman Catholic College was laid at St. John's, N. F., by Bishop Mulloch, on the 27th April.

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

At Bagenalstown Church, county of Carlow, by the Rev. Joseph Barclay, Leland, eldest son of Samuel Crosthwait, Esq., to Sophia, daughter of Capt. A. Richards, Royal Navy.

At Goodnestone Park, by the Rev. C. B. Knight, Narborough Hughes D'Aeth, Esq., eldest son of Rear Admiral G. W. Hughes D'Aeth, of Knowlton Court, to Agnes Charlotte, only daughter of the late Major Henry Knight.

In Wesley Chapel, Patrick st., Cork, by the Rev. D. M'Afee, Mr. James Elliott, of Ballinasloe, county Galway, to Miss Hester Anglin, youngest daughter of the late Mr. S. Anglin, of Cork.

At St. Michael's Church, Limerick, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Kilfenora, Thomas Wise Gubbins, Esq., second son of the late Joseph Gubbins, Esq., of Kilrush, to Frances Gertrude, eldest daughter of Thomson Russell, Esq., of Abbey Lodge, Askeaton.

DEATHS.

At Woodview, Union Hall, Cork, James Keane, Esq., solicitor, aged 42 years.

At Ballymena, on the 5th May, Mr. John Duffin, 43d regiment, late of the staff, aged 25 years.

At Dingle, county Kerry, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Samuel Archer, Esq., of Belfast

At Belgrave place, Cork, Anne the wife of John Adams, Esq.

At Kingstown, Harrietta Bollean, the beloved wife of the Rev. F. A. Dawson, Rector of Buscot, Berks.

At the residence of her aunt, near Dundonald, county Down, Margaret Finlay, wife of Samuel Mills, B. A., T. C. B. Lambeg.

At 69 Francis street, Dublin, Mr. D. Fletcher Murphy, of a lingering illness.

At sea, on his passage from Geelong, while in command of the ship Thames, of London, in the 43d year of his age, Capt. Alexander M'Lean.

On the 19th May, at his father's residence, Great Patrick street, Belfast, John, second son of Mr. James M'Alinden.

On the 16th May, at 108 Ann street, Belfast, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. John Birkmyre, Londonderry, aged 44 years.

At Larne, G. R. Andrews, son of J. K. Andrews, aged seventeen months.

On the 17th May, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Fox 4 Fitzwilliam place, Dublin, Mrs. Charles Kendal Bushe.

On the 14th May, at Hollywell House, Dr. Walter Delamere, Ex-Sch. T.C.D.

On the 9th May, at Gayrey, Mr. Thomas Cargill, aged 72 years.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE AMERICA.

The America's mails arrived in this city on the evening of Thursday, the 4th inst.

The English people are paying handsomely for their attachment to monarchy. The Princess Royal of England is shortly about being married to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, and in order to meet the demands necessarily incidental on such a step, Lord Palmerston demands from the nation the significant sum of one hundred thousand pounds, or half a million of dollars, which is to be paid down immediately by way of dowry. The Scotch papers announce the demise on the 14th ult., of Mr. Robert Burns, eldest son of the poet, which event took place in Dumfries. A local paper supplies the following respecting him:

"Mr. Burns was born at Mauchline in September, 1786, so that he had nearly completed his 71st year. In point of intellect the deceased was no ordinary man, but yet he was chiefly remarkable throughout life as being the eldest son of Robert Burns, the national poet of Scotland. Burns died in 1796, and his eldest boy was nearly ten years of age at the time of that premature decease. Mr. Burns was an accomplished scholar. Endowed with a prodigious memory and great powers of application, he had amassed a vast quantity of knowledge on a great range of subjects. His enthusiasm in the acquisition of information continued to almost his last days, and for some years he had been almost passionately attached to the study of the language of the Gael. In music he was a proficient student, possessing both a theoretical and practical knowledge of the art. A portion of the father's poetic mantle had fallen upon the son, and in his earlier years he composed verses of considerable intrinsic merit. His remains was laid beside those of his father in the mausoleum, St. Michael's Churchyard, Dumfries, the vault of which had not been opened for upwards of twenty years."

From France we learn that the speculative fever was further developing itself. Charles Thurneyssena, Banker, had failed, and then taken his departure for America. The gentleman's liabilities are set down at the very considerable sum of between eight hundred thousand pounds sterling and one million. The terrible crime of murder is reported as making lamentable progress in France, and in those places where such deeds were least to be expected, namely, in the rural districts. Another notable has made his appearance in Paris. On Sunday, the 17th of May, the King of Bavaria arrived at Fontainebleau. He was received at the railroad by Marshal Magnan and General Fleury, the Emperor's Aide-de-Camp. The Perfect of the Seine and Marne and the General commanding the district were also in attendance, and the Emperor's carriages were at hand to convey his Bavarian Majesty and suite to the palace. A squadron of Chasseurs of the Guard formed the escort. A double line of the 3d regiment of the Grenadiers of the Guard was drawn up in the courtyard of the palace, and a detachment of the Cent Gardes stood on the steps of the grand staircase known as *Fer a Cheval*.

The Russian papers contradict the story, that the crew of the Russian frigate Aurora was attacked after landing on the Chinese coast.

We regret to learn that the murrain has made its appearance at Olschan, near Olmutz, where there is one of the largest cattle fairs in Austria. In two farms seven animals fell sick, and five of them died; the other two were knocked on the head, as were three more, which had a suspicious look about them.

The King of Sweden is about resigning the reins of government. This resignation will only be temporary. His son, the Viceroy of Norway, will transact public affairs in his father's stead.

Blandford, the Englishman, whose assault in the streets of Naples we referred to in our last, has since died. The causes which led to this outrage have not yet transpired; a Rev. Mr. Bremly Moore who attended deceased during his illness, and was his particular friend, supplies some details which are not of course to be relied on under the circumstances. As a general thing, Englishmen visiting the continent are in the habit of making themselves exceedingly obnoxious. Ever ready to insult and find fault with anything, which, in their opinion, falls short of the same in "Hingland," they obtrude their unmannerly faces and pretentious vulgarities into societies, where neither are cared or looked for. This fashion, as is very natural to suppose, often leads them when among a fiery, inflammable people, such as the Italians, into broils, out of which they sometimes find it difficult to emerge. Very likely it was some such piece of effrontery as we have just alluded to that cost Mr. Blandford his life.

The authorities and people of Naples have applied themselves to the task of relieving the indigence of a certain portion of their population, with an alacrity which may serve as worthy of imitation to those persons who make it a practice of decrying everything in connection with Neapolitan institutions. According to the *Journal* of Naples a decree has appeared approving the institution of a benefit fund to be formed of the voluntary offerings of merchants and others, which voluntary offerings were in many cases collected from house to house, and are to be expended annually in providing dowries for poor and honest girls, clothing, food, and bedding for indigent individuals and families, and a place of retirement for girls in want of protection. The sums collected are to be invested in the funds.

The Pope's progress throughout his dominions continues to be hailed with every demonstration of love and esteem. The following details of his tour we find in our foreign files:

"The tour which the Pope is making in his states continues to excite much interest. On the morning of the 11th of May his Holiness set out for Camarino. Great preparations were making at Sinigaglia to receive him. Sinigaglia is the native town of Pius IX., and, otherwise, is not without its claim to historic interest. It was, I believe, the first colony the Romans established beyond the Appenines, nearly three hundred years before the Christian Era, and it was at Sena Gallica (its ancient name) that Asdrubel, the brother of Hannibal, was defeated and slain by the Roman generals. The Pope will take up his residence in the old mansion of his family, the Mastai, but, in order that the honor shall be shared by the municipality, a temporary bridge is constructing between that mansion and the town house, which is at the other side of the small stream, the Cesano, or Sena. According to all accounts, he will be warmly welcomed in his native place. He will then proceed on to Ravenna, and from Ravenna to Bologna. From the preparations going on at Bologna, offices and apartments being got ready for the carrying on the business of the government, it would look as if the Pope recently contemplated passing some time there. Indeed, private letters say that he will not return to Rome before the end of September. At Bologna his Holiness will be visited by the princes of the smaller states, and the representatives of the King of Piedmont, and, perhaps, of Naples; and it is not improbable that the state of the Italian Peninsular will be considered by them.

"A letter from Rome of the 12th ult. announces the arrival of the Pope at Cotterino, where, notwithstanding the rain, he was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the entire population. His Holiness proceeded next to Macerata, where he arrived in the afternoon of the 19th, accompanied by the Cardinal Archbishop of Perino. His reception is described as magnificent, and the crowds who welcomed him immense. His Holiness enjoyed perfect health.

"A letter from Trieste of the 10th of May, states that the Imperial screw frigate Radetzky was about to sail for Ancona, where she was to be placed at the disposal of the Pope during his stay in that city. The letter adds that the Austrian Lloyd's was also to send a steamer to Ancona to convey his Holiness to Sinigaglia."

The following is a specimen of English military service in India, and of the manner in which her soldiers are employed:

"Her Majesty's 84th were landed from the steamer at the Barrackpore Ghaut. Close by the Ghaut is a little temple, outside which the Sepoys put their household deities, ugly little images of wood, stone, earth, or brass. Now the instinct of a European private when he sees an idol is to knock its head off, not from hatred of idols, but love of mischief. General Hearsey knew any insult of the kind would exasperate the Sepoys to madness. He therefore received the men himself, and the first two soldiers who landed were ordered to stand sentry over the deities. So on the parade ground there were the Europeans prepared to put down a mutiny caused by the Sepoys' dread of conversion, and outside the parade ground there were Europeans keeping guard over the Sepoys' gods."

HOGAN'S STATUE OF O'CONNELL.

[*From the Nation.*]

John Hogan, whose life has been past in illustrating the national religion and dignifying the character of Ireland by his genius, has produced a statue of O'Connell, which is in all respects a masterpiece of plastic art. This work, which is destined to adorn the Crescent of Limerick, has been cast in bronze, and is for some few days to be seen in the Court of the Dublin Society House. The attitude in which the great Tribune is thrown is highly characteristic. In his left hand he grasps a scroll; while the right is turned inward to the breast by a peculiar motion, the force of which those only who have seen the statue can thoroughly understand. Never was gesture made so effective in rendering the natural involuntary appeal to internal truth, which the Orator exhibited when engaged in the conflict of argument. The face and massive figure, full of thought and dignity, are idealized merely so far as suits the demands of statuestic representation, and all those various and vigorous lineaments which are daguerreotyped on the memory of the existing generation fully realized. Once more you see that resolute lip which was used to awaken tears and laughter at will, and are conscious of the austere presence of power emanating from the eye and forehead—that great brain battery before which the sophistry of Peel and the rhetoric of Stanley sunk into the paralysis of impotence. Many and noble as the works of Hogan have been, this, his second statue of the Liberator, is unquestionably his chief d'ouvre; and there is an agreeable association in the fact that Ireland's greatest chief has at length become the masterpiece of her greatest sculptor. Long may he live to illustrate the Walhalla of Celtic history with an art such as he possesses. Had we more men of his caste, some hope, indeed, might remain that the dream of Gavan Duffy would be realized when he said "that had Irish genius free scope for development, the old Green Island would become the Christian Greece of the Western world."

THE RIVER SLANEY.

The river Slaney, in its course through the county of Wexford, sports amid regions of beauty. Nothing, indeed, of the bold, the magnificent, or the terrific, fills with awe and wonder the mind of a spectator; but Nature is there to be placidly contemplated in all her diversities of wood, of verdure, and of water; such as, we may well believe, tempted the old mail-clad Norman to desire the possession of a land of so much lovely promise.

On either side of the river, the grounds rise and fall in every change of soft form; domain, and mansion is in view of mansion; some in the little vallies, some crowning the little eminence; and sloping fields of the tenderest green, clustering woods, or scattered trees of beautiful growth, each casting its own single shadow across the silent meadow, present an ever-changing landscape, which meditative virtue would prefer to more tremendous scenes of nature.

Sometimes, the dark wood clothes the quick descent, and seems stooping to bathe its branches in the water; or the grassy hill rises quickly above the stream's edge, and the foliaged height is at a greater distance; or the less abrupt mound slopes to the level sward, which, soft and elastic, and studded with bush or tree, stretches to the limpid wave; or here and there discloses itself in patches between the frequent groves; and the mysterious glen, with its dusky and shaded sides, conceals the course of some tributary rill.

The Slaney, we have said, appears to gambol through these beautiful varieties. Clear and rapid, it rushes round the protruding points, bounds against the opposing hill, or in devious meanders winds towards the occasional level. And if the ancient superstition were to be given to its local deity the care and guidance of the erratic stream, he might be described as a youthful divinity of mixed gentleness and sportiveness of nature, now frolicking along the margin of this river, now gently reclining on her banks, and in every change of mood fascinated with its situation.

In this sketch, we particularly have in view the banks of the Slaney before its near approach to the sea, when it becomes more expanded, it assumes a more sober and important character, and its attendant fascinations are more stately and less frequent.—*Banim.*

Two valuable diamonds were lately found in the craw of a pea-hen, which was purchased in the West Indies, and killed on board the vessel Coral Isle.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

Tractarianism and the Bishop of Exeter.—The parishioners of St. Olave, Exeter, have for some time past been at war with their rector, the Rev. R. Roper, in consequence of several innovations which he has thought proper to introduce into the services of the church; the consequence of which has been that the church has been nearly destroyed by the parishioners. At the recent visitation of the Bishop of Exeter, a presentment was handed in by the churchwardens of St. Olave, Messrs. Escott and Husband, in which it was complained that the rector had introduced into Divine service the "Hymnal Noted," in lieu of the accustomed psalmody; and which contained expressions of a Roman Catholic character. They also complain of the weekly offertory, and that the rector used bags instead of "decent basin," as prescribed by the rubric, for the collection of the offertory money. To this presentment the bishop has replied, that there being no order of the church for the use of any special psalmody, and the use of psalmody at all resting upon usage—except so far as anthems are by implication clearly admitted—it is difficult to pronounce judicially. He at the same time thinks, that there are phrases in it likely to excite scandal. Upon the whole, however, he leaves the matter, without special recommendation, to the discretion of the minister, as he has not a right to order any other hymnal.

Spooner Again Defeated.—Mr. Spooner has been snuffed out for the session. The House actually refused to be bored with him. The members fled as soon as he opened his mouth. The division on the motion which immediately preceded his, was—ayes 133, noes 253; but on the Maynooth division the numbers were—for Mr. Spooner's motion 91, against it 125. The Spoonerites expected great things from the new parliament, and this contemptuous treatment is what they have received. There is, however, one way of getting rid of the Maynooth Grant, Mr. Spooner should turn his attention to it. Let him include it in a general sweeping away of all Church endowments. We shall be happy to surrender the grant as soon as we are relieved of the Establishment. Meantime, Mr. Spooner and the Exeter Hall bigots would do well to turn their attention in the way in which the soldiers raised and paid by Protestant England are employed in India.—*Nation.*

Printing in China.—According to the best authorities, the art of printing was known in China upwards of 900 years ago. In the time of Confucius, B. C., 500, books were formed of slips of bamboo; and about 150 years after Christ, paper was first made; A. D. 745, books were bound into leaves; A. D. 900, printing was in general use. The process of printing is simple. The material consists of a graver blocks of wood, and a brush, which the printers carry with them from place to place. Without wheel, or wedge, or screw, a printer will throw off more than 2,500 impressions in one day. The paper (thin) can be bought for one-fourth the price in China that it can in any other country. The works of Confucius, six volumes, 400 leaves octavo, can be bought for ninepence. For an historical novel, 20 volumes, 1,500 leaves, half-a-crown is the price among the Chinese.—*Montgomery Martin's China.*

Labor in Australia.—Extract of a letter in the *Cork Examiner* by a Corkman in Melbourne: "If you were to ask me what class of tradesmen could find ready employment in Melbourne at the present moment, I could not distinguish any one class from another, for I believe that there is not a man in the country at the present moment (remember I mean a tradesman), no matter what his calling may be, that cannot find ready employment; and as for the laboring class, I believe them to be scarce in the market at the present moment, and are likely to be more so before long. I have seen a bill stuck on an office window here fo several days, offering 25s. per acre to reapers, and I believe that they found a difficulty in procuring them, although I am told that they could cut down an acre of wheat in a day and a half.

Died, at Paris, aged 78, Vidocq, the thief-taker, spy, &c., one of the notorious men of the age. At his own express desire no friends were present at his funeral, which was attended only by hired mourners, at the church of St. Louis, in the Marais. It is said that his end was most exemplary, and that he has left a variety of wills, the possessors of which have come forward in a most ready manner to claim their legacies; but unfortunately for the expectants, one of whom is a well-known actress, no property has been left by the deceased.

David Stewart, general servant in the mill of Balrownie, in the parish of Menmuir, on being entrusted to destroy three pups belonging to his employer, proceeded to drown them in the millade, near to which a number of laborers were employed. Some conversation ensued, during which a bet of 1s. 6d. was made, which Stewart was to receive if he killed the pups with his teeth. This he performed in five minutes, by litterally worrying them to death with his teeth.—*Glasgow Mail.*

We understand that the christening of the Queen's baby will take place in the middle of next month, the sponsor being their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Royal, and Prince Frederick William of Prussia. The Princess will receive the name of Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore.

The French government has decided that until the establishment of a penal colony in New Caledonia, which cannot be accomplished in less than two years, convicts will continue to be transported to Cayenne.

SOUTHERN BUFFOONERY.

The New Orleans newspapers are resplendent with the details of William Walker's ovation, the glories of which were only dimly and dubiously foreshadowed by the telegraph. The reporters, not having anything practical to publish, drew largely upon their imagination, and by a singular transmogrification hailed the conquered as the conqueror—a style of proceeding which will be infinitely encouraging to all defeated fillibusters and other unfortunate highwaymen. To extract blood from a turnip has heretofore been held to be beyond the chemistry of a Liebig, nor has the extraction of sunbeams from cucumbers been considered an operation particularly practicable; but something more astounding than either of these feats has been exhibited by the ingenuity of the people of New Orleans, who have managed to found an ovation upon the Nicaraguan discomfiture of King William. One could hardly believe in such a preposterous triumph, if the descriptions were not well authenticated. The *Delta* is particularly jubilant, and exhibits the purest command of the "highfalutin" style. Its report reads like a Napoleonic bulletin—with a difference. "The gallant young American was welcomed, as a brave warrior should be welcomed, by the thundering and martial roar of cannon." "Again and again he waved his hat." "It was a gallant sight." "He of the blue-gray eye, the man of destiny, looked on the excited crowd with emotions, perhaps, as lofty as ever filled his brave and unconquered heart." "The scene was almost equal to that of the return of Napoleon Bonaparte from Elba." There is more fustian silliness of the same kind, but we spare the feelings of our readers.

And this was the reception which the city of New Orleans tendered to one of the greatest rogues and most selfish rascals of the nineteenth century—a freebooter, who in his short and most inglorious career has nothing to boast of but blunders—to a leader of banditti, who has not shown one of the conventional virtues of Jerry Abershaw, or Jack Sheppard, or Dick Turpin—to a desperado without talent or cunning—to one who comes back from his marauding without a sprig of laurel, and upon whom rests the dark responsibility of a thousand murders and a hundred wholesale arsons—to a general who runs from the accusing cries of starving women and children, and from the ghostly battalions of the dead. It is well for us to have lived to see of what small stuff heroes can be manufactured in New Orleans.

But we will not believe that these consolers of Walker were fools enough to waste their wind and spend their cash without an ulterior purpose. The discomfited highwayman means to take the road again, and there are knaves and fools enough to egg him on. With matchless impudence, Walker assured those who carried him upon their shoulders to his carriage, that "the cause of Nicaragua could never fall." Evidently, throughout the menial and unthinking crowd, there was an indefinite feeling that another raid is in contemplation, and that we are to have, in the name of liberty, a repetition of the cruel and illicit barbarity.

When we find a man who has just failed in one felony, bragging of his intention of trying his hand at another, we naturally look about us for the government sworn to prevent such violations of law. Walker is a criminal, clearly amenable to a very plain statute of the United States. Is he arrested? O no! Small villians sneak in corners and dodge the policemen. Mr. Walker, being one of the larger sort, matches directly for the august seat of government. What kind of reception will he receive? Will he be embraced? Will he be treated with indifference? Will he be sent at once to the calaboose? We shall see. Mr. Buchanan ought to understand, if he does not, that now or never must the fillibustering spirit be crushed.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Women Labor in Bohemia.—The men walk upright with unburthened backs, while their women lose all grace, all comeliness, nay, even the very form their Creator gave them, beneath the fardels they bear alone. Not an hour since, we saw from our windows an instance of the merciless fashion after which they are permitted by their husbands to abuse their feeble powers, in a couple passing beneath our windows. A woman, the heavy basket familiar to all who visit these parts, strapped to her back, was bearing therein a more than sufficient load for one stronger than she seemed to be, but on her left arm she carried a pig—no less!—which she maintained there with evident difficulty; she grasped the muzzle of the animal with her right hand, (thus drowning its cries, in her respect for the repose, or rather the gentility, "save the mark!" of those before whose dwelling she was passing, poor soul!) while her own slight frame was shaking and quivering, as she tottered along, with the immoderate exertions she was making. And the man's share in all this, what was it? Why, he carried the rope by which one leg of his pig was bound!—*Travels in Bohemia.*

In Trouble.—The people of St. Louis are again in a peck of trouble. Last fall when the census was taken, the total population was about 124,000. This was regarded as so much below the actual figures that the city resolved to take a new census. So a new one was taken, and it shows an increase during the last six months of only 1,075. The papers are grumbling worse than ever. In the same six months Chicago has added 15,000 to her population, not including the babies christened in the Mayor's office.

ARCHBISHOP KENRICK'S THEOLOGIA DOGMATICA.

We have the pleasure of announcing this month an important item of literary intelligence—important, inasmuch as this is, as we believe, the first instance that an Amerian theological work has found an European publisher. The first edition of the "Theologia Dogmatica," by Archbishop Kenrick, published in this country some years ago, in 4 vols., having been exhausted, the venerable author has prepared a new edition, which is now rapidly passing through the press, in the famous establishment of Hanicq (now Mr. Dessain), in Malines, Belgium. The present revised edition will be improved by many important additions, including an elaborate defence of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and a Catalogue of the Fathers and Ecclesiastical Writers, with an accurate description of their genuine works, from others that have passed under their names. This edition will be comprised in 3 vols., 8vo., printed in that style of neatness and accuracy for which Mr. Dessian's press is so justly distinguished, and will appear with the especial sanction of the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, who has been pleased to signify a very high estimate of its merits. The first volume is nearly ready, and will be published in this country by Messrs. Murphy & Co., in conjunction with Mr. Dessian, simultaneously with its publication in Belgium. We have also the pleasure this month to chronicle the completion of Perret's magnificent work on the Roman Catacombs, the result of ten years' laborious research, five of them most entirely spent in the sixty subterranean cemeteries which compose that city of the dead. This great work contains the most complete account of the Catacombs and all connected with them, architecture, sanctuaries, paintings, inscriptions, cyphers, objects found in the tombs, and all that can in any way throw light on their history. This noble monument forms six volumes, and can now be had for 1300 francs. We are at last to have in English Hurter's great work, the History of Pope Innocent III., a translation by R. H. Brown being announced in England. The Rev. Dr. C. H. Russell also announces the completion and speedy publication of his Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti, with comparative memoirs of other eminent linguists, ancient and modern. In a recent lecture on memory, Cardinal Wiseman noticed a fact not generally known, that at one time in consequence of a fit of illness Mezzofanti forgot every language but Italian, and he who a few days before could converse with the native of almost every state in the world, found himself unable to speak to a priest from Austria or France, even in Latin.—*Metropolitan.*

An Old Man Gone.—Amherst Thompson, of Peru, one of the very few relics of the Revolutionary army, died, or rather ceased to live, on Thursday last, aged 95 years. He retired in usual health at night, and before morning died, apparently without a pang. His funeral and burial were solemnized on Sunday. On the Fourth of July, 1854, Col. Samuel Thompson of the town of Amherst, now 96 years of age, met the deceased, and they "kept Independence." Friends, relatives and recipients of bounties and pensions, they could unite with heart and soul in praises for the past and prayers for the future. The family record of the deceased shows several cases of rather interesting longevity. Sarah Clark, wife of the deceased, was born August 27, 1766, died January 15, 1852, aged 86. The mother of Amherst was 87 when she died, and the mother of Mrs. Thompson was 77 when she died. Earth's remains of these four lie side by side in the burying ground at Peru. Col. Joseph Thompson, the father of Amherst, held a commission under Washington—was taken prisoner and released in an exchange, after which he did not return to the service. Subsequently he went to Ohio, and perished on the wilderness bank of the Miami, but where and when, there is no stone to tell. The descendants—children, grand and great-grand-children—of the foregoing are very numerous, and and are represented in seven States and Canada.—*Springfield Republican.*

The Seminole War to be Continued.—From a letter from Gov. Broome, of Florida, to Col. Houstoun, bearing date at Washington City, May 6th, it appears that hostilities against the Seminole Indians are to be prosecuted with unabated vigor, under the command of Colonel Loomis. The exigencies of the government, it seems, require the presence of Gen. Harney upon another field, but the policy inaugurated by him is to be carried out. The Governor had an interview with both the Secretary of War and Gen. Scott, and received assurances from them that the war will be prosecuted with the utmost vigor, and that no suspension of hostilities was contemplated. He also expresses the belief that Gen. Harney will return to Florida, if necessary, after he shall have "tranquilized" Kansas, where he has been ordered, and in the meantime he promises to urge upon the War Department the necessity of increasing the force in Florida.

Interesting.—There is now on exhibition at the Museum in San Francisco a rattlesnake belonging to a species found only in Brazil, which is said to have the strange habit of approaching women having infants, and drawing the breast of the mother while asleep, presenting their rattle meanwhile for the child to play with, should it cry or attempt to disturb them.

HOME MISCELLANY.

Two Ways of Managing Husbands.—Few things are more common in domestic life than for the husband and wife to strive for the mastership; and thus human beings who ought to assist each other, and dwell together in affection, frequently pass a life of discord in rendering each other unhappy. The husband who is not greatly influenced by a prudent and affectionate helpmate is unworthy of her; and the wife who so far forgets herself as to try to rule her husband will not increase her happiness by usurping his authority. The husband, when he is aware that his wife has more prudence, judgment, and talent, than himself, does well to avail himself of them by leaving to her the management of affairs requiring the exercise of these qualities. It is a purely selfish motive that actuates either husband or wife to rule each other; and yet this motive, unworthy as it is, exerts its baneful influence in ten thousand times ten thousand hearts.

Drawing a Pension.—"Well, my lad, where are you travelling alone this stormy weather?" asked an iquisitive landlord in the north of Vermont, during the last war, of a small lad whose father was engaged in smuggling, and sent him, young as he was, with an important message in advance of the party.

"Going to draw my pension," was the reply.

"Pension?" echoed the astonished landlord, "what does so small a boy as you draw a pension for?"

"Minding my own business and letting that of others alone."

Crime in New Orleans.—It may not prove uninteresting to our readers to learn the following facts, which we took the trouble to glean from the books of the Coroner, furnishing a report of the murders and suicides which have occurred in this city during the period of some fifteen months, commencing February 8th, 1856, and ending May 12th, 1857. We find that during that time seventy murders have been committed; fifteen infanticides; twenty-six suicides; and one hundred deaths have been caused by intemperance. This is an appalling statement.—*N. O. Times, 13th inst.*

Norton's *Literary Gazette* estimates the number of volumes published in the United States from July, 1850, to July, 1851, at 1298, embracing 213,049 pages, and forming 1,176 distinct works. The principal towns in which the bookselling business is carried on in the United States are Boston, in which there are 78 booksellers and publishers; New York, in which there are about 130. In Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, as well as in all the considerable towns throughout the United States, some books are published; and everywhere there are retailers of school and miscellaneous books.

Liquor Manufacture Statistics.—There are in the United States 1,217 distilleries, in which 5,240 persons are employed; a capital of $8,507,674 is invested. They consume yearly 11,867,761 bushels of corn, 3,787,170 bushels of barley, 1,143,927 bushels of rye, 56,240 hogsheads of ale, 41,804 gallons of molasses. They manufacture 42,461,926 gallons of whiskey and high wines, and 6,500,000 gallons of rum, being about four gallons of liquor for every man, woman and child in the country.

The Fruit Crop.—The present spring may really be a "backward" one, but it is a most favorable one so far as regards the prospect for fruit. We learn from various parts of the country, that there is every appearance of our having the heaviest crop of peaches ever known. Of course they will be cheaper than ever. In regard to other fruits, the prospect is as favorable, or very nearly so.

Taking it Literally.—A boy who was sent to know how an old woman, named Wilkins, was in health, delivered his message thus: "Please, marm, missus wants to know how old Mrs. Wilkins is?" To which she replied, "She is just seventy-four."

Opinions Differ.—A colored woman in Baltimore, who was exhibiting several of her children, among them one with a lighter skin, said that she "could not bear dat child, kase he was too light a color and showed dirt so easy."

The body of a woman was found in the Mississippi, near St. Louis, last week, and in a pocket of her dress a letter addressed "W. T. M., Sacramento City, Cal.," in which occurred the following:

"My Dear William: I now write to you for the last time. When you read this I will be no more. You have driven me to death by your last unkind and unfeeling letter. You believed the lying tongues of slander, and the false oath that was taken. One that loves you and only worships you—they have lied about me. If I was not true and devoted to you, who on this earth is? I have been a faithful and true wife, and now you have driven me on to this cold world, without any money and but few friends, and you say for me to lead the life of a fancy woman, for such was my life whilst living with you. But that I *pronounce* a lie, and those mean, low-life women who told you so have sworn to a lie."

A frantic bull rushed into Woolford's barroom, in Albany, New York, upsetting the stove, when he rushed upon and destroyed the counter. There was a girl in the room with a red shawl on, who next attracted his attention. He then made for her and caught her under the arms, and threw her with violence upon the floor. The frantic animal then left, and after running wildly through several streets, was finally shot by some drovers. The little girl is said to be very seriously injured.

There is a lady living in Fall River, who had the misfortune a few years since to be deprived entirely and irrecoverably of her sight. She is at the head of a family, and cooks, bakes, irons, cleans the house, sweeps the floor, and in fact does all her work except the washing, without assistance; and it is said her house is the very picture of neatness. There are many women with two good eyes who don't do this.

The village of Addison, Steuben County, N. Y., was nearly destroyed by fire. It is situated on the New York and Erie Railroad, three hundred miles from New York, and contains about two thousand inhabitants. Thirty stores and dwellings have been burnt. The loss is estimated at $30,000.

A gentleman of Philadelphia was accompanying two ladies to the panorama of the Arctic Expedition, when, in crossing Market street, he stepped on a *Hogshead hoop*, which flew up (as hoops will do) and struck him across his not very handsome nose. "Good heavens, ladies!" he exclaimed, which of you dropped that?"

Should the season crop prove favorable, there will be a larger crop of sugar produced this year in Louisiana than in any preceding year. A wider breadth of land has been planted, and great attention will be paid to the culture of the cane; the high prices stimulating each planter to extra exertions.

A merchant in Lockport, N. Y., banteringly made an offer to a young lady of $10 if she would wear one of his posters, in flaming capitals, publishing his business, in place of a shawl, on her way home. She took him up to his astonishment, performed the act, claimed, and got the money.

A farmer was once asked what inference he could draw from the text in Job, "And the wild asses snuffed up the wind." "Well," he replied, "the only inference that I can draw is this: that it would be a long time before they would grow fat upon it."

The Legislature of Minnesota has made an appropriation of $10,000, which has been placed at the disposal of the Governor to recover the two women alledged to have been captured by the Indians and carried off in the recent Indian disturbances on the frontier.

A clergyman, engaged in catechising a village school, asked a youngster "what his godfathers and godmothers did for him?" "I don't know what they mean to do, please your reverence," rejoined the lad; "they've done nothing for me yet."

In times of yore, a good housewife, having received a pound of coffee, boiled it, and served it up with parsley and butter. She declared that they were the worst peas she had ever seen, as she had boiled them two hours, and yet they remained quite hard!

A pleasant, cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who torture lost spirits.

The Iron Horse now pursues his way without stop or important deviation from a direct line from Bangor, Me., to Jefferson City, Mo., a distance of a little over seventeen hundred miles—half as far as to London—in three days!

In Rome, Oneida County, N. Y., a few days since, a six pound cannon ball was found in the side of the hill, near the Catholic Church, which probably did bloody duty in the battles of Fort Stanwix, "lang syne."

A land speculator out west, in defending his tract against insalubrity, declared it was so healthy "around there," and so difficult to die, that the inhabitants had to draw their last breath with a cork-screw.

Salt Lake news to the 15th ult. represents Brigham Young as carrying measures with a high hand, and driving everybody out of the Territory who does not belong to the Saints.

A man came into a printing office to beg a paper, "Because," said he, "we like to read newspapers very much, but our neighbors are all too stingy to take one."

The *Georgian* says that three gentlemen in Savannah won $3,800 in bets, by the acquittal of Mrs. Cunningham in the New York murder case.

The Springfield (Mass.) *Argus* says: "The buildings formerly used as slave pens by our Puritan ancestors, are still standing in Gloucester."

Miss Mary Martin, a handsome and respectable young woman, drowned herself in Detroit, Maine, because she had been slandered.

During the past year the historian, Prescott, has received an income of $20,000 from his literary labors.

On the 1st of April wheat was selling at San Francisco at 5 cents a pound, which is equivalent to $3 a bushel.

The cost of the trans-Atlantic telegraph cable will be $1,004,160. It may prove a costly experiment.

During the encampment of the Virginia Rifles, at Jamestown, private Lehne shot an eagle, which measures 6 feet 9 inches from tip to tip.

Gen. Sam. Houston has taken the stump as a candidate for Governor of Texas.

A propeller line has been established between Montreal and Chicago.

Texas has been visited by heavy rains and the crops promise a rich harvest.

The way to live easy is to mind our own business, and leave others to take care of theirs.

Begin in life with but little show, you may increase it afterwards.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the following note, to which we beg to call Dr. McElheran's attention.

MR. EDITOR:—I have read Dr. McElheran's Essay in your last number with a good deal of satisfaction. It is conclusive on the compound "Anglo-Saxon." But it appears to me that the Gaelic word *Pictich* also meant "Robbers," and that, therefore, the Doctor's favorites, the Celts, must have had as doubtful a reputation for honesty as the Saxons themselves. Please call Dr. McElheran's attention to this fact and oblige

Yours, A. STUDENT.

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.—Next week.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, '57

GOV. WALKER IN KANSAS.—HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

WE are indebted to his Excellency, R. J. Walker, Gov. of Kansas, for a copy of his Inaugural Address, delivered in Lecompton on the 27th ult. It is a remarkable document in two ways—for the importance attached to it by Democrats and Republicans, and for its intrinsic merits as an official paper. Whether it will fulfil the hopes of those who detected in his appointment the prospective settlement of the Kansas difficulty or not, time must tell; but if it fails to do so, sound sense, and the voice of true patriotism shall have lost all power to charm, and the factious spirits who have embroiled that Territory may be safely pronounced incorrigible.

Gov. Walker opens his Address by stating that a Convention of Delegates is about to be elected, under the call of the Territorial Legislature, to frame a State Constitution, and that the authority of the Convention is distinctly recognized in his instructions from the President. He then proceeds to show that the Legislature was fully sustained by the will of Congress in this act; that those who allege it is an irregular assembly are inconsistent, for they acknowledge by their votes and acquiescence, its laws in town and city elections, in corporate franchises, and in all other subjects, but slavery; and, that, if a majority, as is asserted, of the *bona fide* inhabitants of the territory refuse to vote for delegates to the Convention, they will needlessly surrender the right of determining its character, which they possess on account of their numbers. But if, by fraud or violence, a majority should not be *permitted* to vote, and the fact can be demonstrated, he gives it as his opinion that the Constitution framed by the Convention will be rejected by Congress. This is plain and fair talk, and should have a wholsome effect upon the over-excited nerves of both Free Statemen and Border Ruffians.

The question of "slavery" or "no slavery" in Kansas he considers will be ultimately settled by the thermometer rather than by the ballot-box, and we agree with him in part, but not wholly. The chilling blasts which sweep from the Rocky Mountains may render slave labor unprofitable in the higher latitudes, but Southern Kansas is admirably adapted for cotton growing. Besides, slavery is regulated by written law as well as by the code of profit and loss. It exists in States which embrace two climates, one favorable to products which require slave-cultivation, and the other deleterious to them, while it is excluded by enactment, as in the Spanish American States, from soil where Nature connives at it by rendering white labor impossible on a scale commensurate with the requirements of the inhabitants, and the ample development of their resources.

Waiving, however, this evident exaggeration, Gov. Walker evinces a thorough insight into the sources of wealth and the pledges of prosperity which Kansas offers to the eye of the economist and the legislator. He shows that the Convention about to deliberate should make just provisions to accelerate the "extinguishment" of Indian titles; that efforts should be made to procure Railroad grants from Congress such as those which were conferred on Minnesota even in advance of her becoming a State; that the entire land tax under the Constitution for the next twenty years should be confined exclusively to unoccupied lands—whether owned by residents or non-residents—as one of the best means of guarding against a monopoly of choice lands by speculators; and that "the relinquishment of the taxing power over the lands," the principal resource of young States should be, if conceded, compensated for by the conditions on which Kansas consents to it: in other words, that she should insist upon a *quid pro quo*, such as grants for Educational and other purposes. This portion of the Governor's Address is marked by views which will increase the opinion already formed of his ability and practical mother wit, and we only regret that it is immediately followed by a series of paragraphs which we feel called upon to condemn, because they contain equal quantities of balderdash and "buncombe."

One of the great faults of our official literature is, that it abounds in splurges and spasms. The writers, with the exception of a few distinguished names, seems to think rhetorical sublimity is reached by a series of literary somersaults, and that the popular mind, is only fitted for the contemplation of clashing metaphors, and won over by the hippodrome compliment of vulgar appeals to vulgar errors. How correct is this estimate of American intelligence we are not disposed to decide; but it pains us to see a man for whom we entertain so much respect as we do for Gov. Walker, wheeling into the line of disreputable precedents, and forgetting that he was not delivering a Fourth of July oration in Massachusetts, but an address to the people of a Territory which is about seeking communion with California and Texas, Florida and Louisiana, together with the New England States. "The overruling Providence who brought *our* forefathers in safety to Jamestown and Plymouth," also brought nuclei of population to other parts of our present Confederacy—forefathers every whit as worthy of remembrance as the persecutors of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The children of the nationalities which these men represented, number to-day more than two-thirds of our citizens; and the sooner Gov. Walker becomes conscious of the fact, the sooner will he get rid of the impression that the New England States comprise the Union, and become convinced that their historical reminescences, beyond the Revolution, occupy but a small and very indifferent position in the national memory. This reference to "our forefathers at Jamestown and Plymouth" is the "balderdash" to which we referred—here is the "buncombe."

"Nor will the mischief be arrested here. It will extend into every other State. Despots will exult over the failure here of the great principles of self-government, and the approaching downfall of our confederacy. The pillars of the Union will rock upon their base, and we may close the next Presidential conflict, amid the scattered fragments of the Constitution of our once happy and united people. The banner of the stars and stripes, the emblem of our country's glory, will be rent by contending factions. We shall no longer have a country. The friends of human liberty in other realms will shrink despairing from the conflict. Despotic power will resume its sway throughout the world, and man will have tried in vain the last experiment of self-government. The architects of our country's ruin, the assassins of her peace and prosperity, will share the same common ruin of all our race. They will meet, whilst living, the bitter curses of a ruined people, while history will record as their only epitaph: *These were the destroyers of the American Union, of the liberties of the country and of the world.*"

What is really worthy of praise in Gov. Walker's Address we have praised, but this is beneath criticism, even of the unfavorable sort. "The world" will be surprised to hear that "despotic power will resume its sway over it" if the people of Kansas do not agree on the question of Slavery. Nay, we fear, notwithstanding Gov. Walker's assurance, it will remain as incredulous of the fact as we are, or becoming facetious, adopt Yankee manners, put itself into an attitude, place its digits to its nose, and ejaculate derisively—"You don't say!"

THE BENEFITS OF IMMIGRATION.

KNOW-NOTHINGISM, and its effects upon immigration, have given American editors a taste for statistics. One of the best evidences of this fact is to be found in the *Herald* of a late date, which enters into the following calculation of the loss and gain consequent on departures from, and arrivals in, our ports:

"Taking the whole of the departures for Europe by fourteen different lines of steamers from the 1st of January to the 31st of May of the present year, we find that they only amount to 8,208 persons, whilst the emigration to our own shores in the same period may be set down at 45,000. For the next five months the number of these departures will be gradually diminishing, whilst during the same time the arrivals will increase in a more marked ratio than in the beginning of the year. Of the amounts of money carried away and spent abroad by American travellers it is of course difficult to form any very close estimate. The wealthier, we may assume, spend from $2,000 to $5,000, but the majority considerably less. If we set down the whole of the departures above stated at an average of $1,000 each, we shall arrive at a tolerably close approximation to the reality. The aggregate amount, therefore, taken abroad by travellers during the last five months, may be estimated in round numbers at $8,000,000. On the *per contra* side we have to count an average of $70 a head brought here during the same period by 45,000 emigrants registered by the Commissioners of Emigration, making a total of $3,150,000, together with an average of $2,000 a head, brought by 3,000 first class passengers, by the steamers, making $6,000,000, and on the aggregate of arrivals, $9,150,000. On this calculation the balance will stand thus:

Arrivals	$9,150,000
Departures	8,000,000
Gain	$1,150,000

"This, as we before remarked, only applies to the first five months of the year. The remaining seven months will show very different results, for whilst the departures will be continually falling off, the arrivals will be increasing, and with them the introduction of capital. If, therefore, we were to set down the ultimate balance in our favor under this head at from eight to ten millions, we would be pretty near the truth. The account, as it stands, it must be admitted, is sufficiently gratifying to compensate for the wounds inflicted upon our vanity by the European mania."

Calculations of this kind are the most effective arguments against attempts to divert the tide of foreign labor, and the foreign capital which it brings with it. Convince a bigot that every word he utters against "foreign influence," and every lunge he makes at that stupendous shadow, takes a dollar out of his pocket, and he will become mute as Nature could make him, if she deprived him of his other senses, together with reason.

A FILLIBUSTER ON HIS DEFENCE.

SHABBY as Walker's abilities are in the military line, they take wings to themselves completely when he turns to speech-making. If he were tried for piracy on circumstancial evidence as weak as spider's gossamer, and pleaded his own case, we would stake a wager (to be given, if lost, to the New York *Express*, or some other Charity) that he would convict himself on his own showing. Happy provision of Providence—that he who has no regard for the laws of God or man, whose hands are dyed so deeply with the blood of his fellows that all the water of the fabled Phasis could never wash them clean again—who has escaped and is likely to escape the lash of justice which his crimes cry out for—cannot open his mouth without giving testimony to his own offences!

In the speech delivered at New Orleans by this Prince of Fillibusters, on the 30th of last month, and reported in the New Orleans *Delta*, of the day following, we find all the crimes charged against him confessed *in extenso*. "If I have exerted myself for any purpose," he exclaims, "it has been to extend American influence and Americanize Nicaragua." That is, if he has entered a neighbor's house, he has done it for the purpose of appropriating its contents, governing its inmates—in other words, "extending his influence." "If I shot Corral I felt that he could not have evaded his execution"—that is, if he committed murder he felt that he could not withhold his hand. "None can paint the surprise of the Nicaraguans because Parker H. French was not received as Minister of Washington," that is, none can paint the surprise of the fillibusters, because *their* representative was not received; or if you will, none can paint the surprise of the Nicaraguans that Americans in Washington should be possessed of consciences and honesty, when those in Nicaragua were wanting in both. "Then followed the most anamolous decree, by which the Costa Ricans made war, not against the State, but against the Americans in Nicaragua," which means then the friends of the Nicaraguans, did not mistake the owner for the housebreaker, but forthwith detected the plunderer and gave him his dues. "Then commenced the war of the races—the great battle of the mongrels and the white men, in which American rights were ignored in Nicaragua." A remark like this is amusing, and we must wait to laugh at its drollery. What sublime self-possession does Walker assume!—with what inimitable grace he refers to his *rights!* Why it were genteel comedy but for the catastrophe which the reader sees through the chinks of the scenes. "The American Minister to England, and the abolitionists at the North, determined that slavery should be excluded from a place over which Americans had no control—*therefore* was Capain Davis sent to make me surrender." For the first time we hear that our Cabinet takes its ideas from its servants; besides, Americans must have had "control," or the law against slavery could never have been repealed. "Look back to the origin of slavery in American history—who introduced it into this country? Las Casas, the Spanish priest, who was the head and front of this offending, introduced it in the 16th century." The fillibuster's history is sadly out of repair. Where did he learn that La Casas introduced slavery? That excellent Dominican was always complaining against the Spaniards for keeping the Aborigines in bondage. It was on his representation that Cardinal Ximenes sent out a Commission of Hieronymite Monks to enquire into and alleviate the condition of the Indians, and it was partly on account of his opposition that the same illustrious Cardinal "peremptorily" rejected, according to Robertson, applications for licences to import African slaves. "I call upon you all to assist in carrying out and perfecting the Americanization of Central America," says Walker in conclusion, and takes his seat.

We have in these quoted sentences, as we said at the opening of the above running commentary, a full confession of all the crimes laid at the door of Walker and his associates in the work of Central American spoliation. It remains for us to ask: if "Americans should rule America" in the United States, why not at the centre of the Hemisphere? If thieving be despicable in one place, why not in another?

THE PARIS "CONSTITUTIONNEL" ON LORD NAPIER'S SPEECH.—The Paris *Constitutionnell* commenting on Lord Napier's speech at the St. George's Dinner in this city, is not disposed to allow the theory that the Anglo-Saxons are manifestly destined to conquer the world. On the other hand it thinks that "none of the European races will ever possess supreme domination to the detriment and for the oppression of the remainder." The *Constitutionnel* is also inclined to doubt the statement of Lord Napier that England and the United States are linked together by moral aims, and delicately hints that the bonds of friendship are not chains of flowers, but simply twists of cotton which supply the Manchester market.

Apart from the mere justness of these conclusions, it is worthy of note that the French press watches with evident interest the hob-nobbing of the "Cousins."

We commence in this number the publication of O'Neil Daunt's "Personal Recollections of O'Connell." At first we intended to select the best anecdotes from it, but on greater reflection we found the whole book so good and so scarce in America, that we concluded to republish it entire.

KOSSUTH ON A NEW TACK.

Kossuth, *alias* Alexander Smith, has given up, for the time being, his character as a continental red republican, and adopted that of a British Souper. The middle passage between the two was never very wide, but he has crossed it with a generalship which makes the beholder forget the smallness of the obstacle to admire the gallantry of him who overcomes it.

The determination of the Austrian Government to bring all schools in the Austrian dominions under State control—which means the Roman Catholic Hierarchy's control—has so exercised a Mr. John Paget, an Englishman settled at Klausenburg, that he has appealed on behalf of the Protestants residing in Transylvania for pecuniary assistance to their co-religionists in England and America. Mr. Paget thinks the cause of Protestantism in Hungary "no sectional matter," that upwards of three millions of his fellow-Christians—the last hope of liberty in Eastern Europe—are cruelly persecuted, and Mr. Kossuth, residing in No. 8 South Bank, London, fully agrees with Mr. Paget, and feels no hesitation in confessing his conviction that the cause of Protestantism in Hungary "is of a hundred thousand times greater importance to the Christian world than the conversion of some straggling Patagonians," on whom treasures are yearly expended by the numerous religious Societies of Great Britain. On the merits of the question at issue between the Government of Austria and its Protestant subjects we will offer a few reflections immediately; but it is evident that Mr. Paget and Mr. Kossuth are quite agreed upon the intolerance of Austria, and the great importance of the Calvinists, Lutherans, and Unitarians in her dominions, to "the cause of liberty." It is also patent that Mr. Kossuth is unhappy in showing the foolishness of British Philanthropy which sends the Gospel to Patagonia, since he also shows, by inference, that it would be little less foolish if it went to Hungary for subjects of conversion, when it has five millions of deists in its own territory.

That the State possesses the right to instruct its subjects is a pagan idea—that it may properly assist parents in educating their children, is an eminently Christian conviction. The Concordat with Rome does not invite Austria to assert the former, but it binds her to do the latter; so that if she has made the System of Education a part and parcel of her Government as it were, she has done it of her own free will, and not as Mr. Kossuth says, at the instance of "Priestcraft, intolerance and fanaticism." But Austria has in no way adopted the Aristotlean mode of education—parents are free to send or not to send their offspring to the schools, and if they *do* send them, the only infringement made upon conscience is, that a Christian education is imparted, seasoned with the salt of Catholic principles. Montesqieu defends Chistian Governments against the charge of seeming (for it is no real) interference with freedom of conscience by a policy like this, on the ground that religious unity, in the eyes of statesmen, is next in importance to political unity, and that orthodoxy in possession has certain privileges (of which this is one) as against heresy knocking at the gate. If the Protestants of Transylvania ask for state assistance in educating their children, we have no doubt it will be given, but if they keep appealing to foreign sources, in the name of "liberty," Austria will be reminded that it is bad policy to feed a disloyal spirit for the sake of appeasing Mr. Kossuth and the British Soupers.

An Error.—That the conversion of the United States to Catholicity would preserve the Union. France is Catholic, and is celebrated for changing her form of government.

A Truth.—That during the last ten years we have had, on an average, 20 colleges, with an attendance of 2,500 students yearly, and that to-day we cannot point to one eminent man in any of the professions, excepting the clerical, who has come out of them in that time.

YIELDING A POINT.

That pretentious gentleman, Mr. John Bull, has formally and for ever renounced his old and favorite axiom, "once a subject for ever a subject." The well informed need not be reminded that this doctrine John enforced when and wherever an opportunity was presented. After the Scotch rising of 1745, and during the trials for high treason consequent thereon, it was established as a fact about which there could be no dispute. Not only were Scotchmen, who entered the French, Austrian and other European services, treated as rebels in arms, but their children born and brought up in those several countries were put in the same category, and like them, in one or two instances, suffered the penalty of high treason. During the American war of Independence, it was attempted to be enforced, and the fact is well established that its actual enforcement was the chief cause in bringing about the war of 1812. It happened in this wise. In June, 1807, the American frigate Chesapeake, refusing to deliver up four men, claimed by the English as deserters, was fired upon by the British ship of war Leopard. The commander of the frigate, unprepared for hostilities, was forced to deliver up the men—three of them adopted citizens of the United States. In revenge for this outrage upon the rights of naturalized citizens, Mr. Jefferson, forbade British ships of war to enter any of the ports of the United States until satisfaction should be made, and security given against future aggressions of the same kind. The aggressions were continued, and the asperity resulting therefrom in conjunction with the national jealousies, which existed at the time, brought about the contest.

The event which gave rise to the present disavowal of her old and long-cherished policy on the part of Great Britain, was the following:—A person, named Lawless, was settled in Granada during the late Nicaraguan difficulties. He was a merchant, and made himself obnoxious to the Guatemalans, who put him to death immediately after the city of Granada fell into their hands. His mother applied to the British government for redress, but without avail. She was told (and the intimation was made through Lord Clarendon,) her son had renounced all claims of sympathy in that quarter, inasmuch as he had renounced his allegiance, and become a citizen of the United States.

They are altered times with John, when we thus behold him relinquishing, at the instance of a weak and comparatively insignificant power, a doctrine which he has hitherto maintained at the sword's point with powerful rivals.

The Newfoundland Fishery Question.—Contradictory reports have been received by the late steamers from Europe in relation to the probability of a confirmation, by the Newfoundland Legislature, of the Convention recently entered into between France and England, concerning the fishery privileges to be enjoyed by the former power, after the first of January, 1858. The London *Shipping Gazette* and the *Globe* represent the treaty as abandoned by the Colonial Office in consequence of the virulent opposition to the measure in Newfoundland. The Paris *Pays*, on the contrary, declares that the Convention has not been rejected by the Colony, and intimates that it will be carried into effect. The Governor of Newfoundland was recently there, and is said to consider the Treaty disadvantageous to the Colonial interests, but to give it a passive support on the ground of international considerations. How the matter will terminate cannot as yet be certainly foreseen; but it is not probable that the Legislature of Newfoundland will sanction a measure so fraught with disastrous consequences to the citizens of the island.

Business Notice.—Wanted—a number of men, in the different States of the Union, to act as Agents for the Tablet, and for the sale of books. None but persons who can be well recommended need apply.

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WANTON BARBARITY.

A wanton and unprovoked piece of barbarity committed by some of the deluded wretches who left Baltimore and went to Washington last week for the purpose of controlling the elections in that city, is without a parallel. It appears that on the evening of Monday week after the discomfiture and rout of the "Plug Uglies," a party of about thirty of them, thinking Washington too hot, left by the three o'clock train. They were armed with revolvers to a man, and on their way back to Baltimore directed the muzzles of their weapons, originally intended for citizens of Washington, against the cows and horses grazing in the fields along the line of road! The *National Intelligence*, from which the above is derived, declares that the testimony on which the statement is made is unimpeachable. We challenge the record of crime to produce anything that can compete with this inordinate deviltry. We have not heard of the number of animals inhumanly destroyed, but it must be considerable, as several hundred shots were fired, and the perpetrators, to avoid detection and arrest, quitted the cars before arriving at Baltimore.

We are reminded of a feat somewhat similar to the above, but far behind it in cruelty. The soldiers of George the Third, flying before the French from the action at Castlebar, in August, 1798, directed their baffled fury against the sculptured ornaments and venerable cloisters of the Abbey of Ballintubber. In this comparison we are forced to admit the conduct of the "Ancient Britons," with all their faults, will contrast favorably with the late achievement of the "Plug Uglies." The former revenged themselves on inanimate stone and mortar,—the latter on the harmless and unoffending brute creation.

THE LATE MARRIAGE CASE IN VENEZUELA.

By the latest arrivals from Venezuela we received the particulars of a most singular and extraordinary occurrence, which lately transpired in Caracas. It was no less than the union of a step-father to the daughter of his lately departed wife. The ceremony was performed by the British Charge d'Affairs, and at the office of the British legation. From our correspondence, and the papers we gather the following facts of the case:

Dr. Diego Bantista Urbaneja, a lawyer of high standing in Caracas, married some years ago a widowed lady who had several children by her first husband. Little more than eighteen months since she died, and at the time of her decease one of her daughters was fully grown. This daughter soon became the object of her step-father's desire, and in twelve months after the death of the wife and mother, it was rumored that the gentleman in question was anxious, if possible, to marry his step-daughter. The Archbishop of Venezuela was applied to in the case in question, but gave an unhesitating refusal. Application was then made to the Pope, but with the same result. Efforts were then made to see whether the ceremony would be solemnized in Curacoa under the Dutch government, but unsuccessfully, as well as in some other of the West India islands. As the last resort, and after every exertion elsewhere had been made, application was made to Mr. Bingham, her British majesty's Charge d'Affairs, English Ministers and Consuls, residing in foreign countries, being authorized to solemnize the marriage rite, after the form of the Church of England, where one or both of the parties are British subjects. In the present case the father of the intended wife was an Englishman, though her mother was a native, Mr. Bingham found no difficulty in uniting them, and the rite was performed by him. The enormity of such a connection was only equalled by the conduct of the high functionary who officiated at the ceremony—a ceremony which attempted to justify a union which the whole civilized world now, by common consent, regards as scarcely less than incest.

These are the main features of the case. The Catholic population are not a little excited about it, and the Protestants still more. The former are loud in their denunciations, while the latter feel it the more keenly, as the parties are both Catholics, who had applied in vain to their own authorities and their own church, and after failing to have it sanctioned there, then applied to a Protestant Charge d'Affairs.

Scientific Exhibition.—We attended a Scientific Exhibition at Academy Hall, Broadway, given by the Pupils of St. Vincent's Academy, under the charge of the Christian Brothers, on Thursday evening last. Its principal features were, experiments in the use of Philosophical Apparatus, interspersed with recitations, and a Dialogue. The pupils answered all questions asked them, and gave elaborate explanations of the Electric Current, Telegraph, &c.

New York may well be proud of the Christian Brothers' Schools, and we confidently look forward to the day when similar ones will be in every town from Maine to Oregon.

The "Mertopolitan."—In the bustle of a newspaper change, we neglected to notice the June number of the *Metropolitan*, which contains several good original articles, among others "No Popery," and an engaging Miscellany of stories, poetry, anecdotes, and general news.

Pic-Nic.—There will be a Grand Pic-Nic in the woods at Roseville, a short walk from Newark, N. J., on Thursday, the 18th inst., for the benefit of St. John's Church, Orange. Persons in these cities wishing to spend a pleasant day in good company, should form a portion of the party.

AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

Chicago, Ill.—P. T. Sherlock is our agent here; he keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of our Books and Foreign Literature. He will also supply canvassers with the works of Gerald Griffin, the Life of Christ, new edition, beautifully illustrated, the Life of the Blessed Virgin, Lives of Saints, Bible, &c., all illustrated.

St. Louis, Mo.—P. J. Fallon will act as our agent in this city. Our friends can always find a full assortment of Books, and all the other Catholic Publications in the country in his store.

Pittsburg, Pa.—We have appointed Miss Margaret McKenna our agent in this city, where our friends can always find the Tablet, with our Publications, at New York prices.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Our numerous friends in the City of Brotherly Love can be supplied with the Tablet by P. J. Cunningham. He also has on hand a large assortment of Catholic Books.

Providence, R. I.—Mr. John Whitney will act as our agent in this place. He keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of our Books.

Miss Esmonde's Evening with Tom Moore.—Miss Esmonde introduced to a very full and fashionable house last Monday, her "Evening with Tom Moore," and to tell you that the entertainment was successful, would faintly convey to you the enthusiasm it caused. After her recitations, the old airs were played on the Harp, Violin, and Piano, and the exquisite tone of the latter, manufactured by a young Irishman, Patrick Lynch of Broadway, made the affair more Irish in imagination. This gentleman got an order for a Piano, from a merchant here for the old country, and it has created quite a sensation where it has gone.—*Correspondence of Baltimore Catholic Mirror.*

DIED.

In Terre Haute, on Monday, May 25th, 1857, at four o'clock, A.M., Rev. Simon Peter La Lumiere, in his 53d year.

Mr. La Lumiere was born in Vincennes, in the year 1804, and was educated at Bardstown, Ky. He was ordained a priest by Right Rev. Bishop Flaget, of Kentucky, and was the first priest of the diocese of Indiana, and was the only one in the State when the first Bishop of this diocese was consecrated. He was first stationed in Daviess County, whence he visited all the Catholics throughout Indiana and Eastern Illinois. He came to Terre Haute in 1842, and has made this his home ever since.

As a pastor, his flock alone can truly feel and mourn his death. As the father watches over his erring children, so was he ever on the watch for their guidance of his spiritual children; not only had he a care for their spiritual salvation, but took also a deep interest in their temporal welfare. Although well advanced in years, he spared no physical labors to search out the needy and distressed, and relieved them by good counsel and otherwise, as far as was in his power. To-day he is reaping his reward at the hands of his safest Maker—our common Father—who rewards His faithful shepherds with their just dues. May his soul rest in peace. —*Terre Haute Union.*

Literature.

THE LIFE OF THE RT. REV. EDWARD MAGINN, Coadjutor Bishop of Derry, with Selections from his Correspondence by THOMAS DARCY MCGEE, author of "A History of the Attempts to Establish the Protestant Reformation in Ireland," "Irish Settlers in America," &c., &c. *New York: P. O'Shea, 789 Broadway.*

The Irish imagination of the present day, even in America, insensibly associates with the episcopal character the idea of patriotism—not patriotism in the abstract, but real practical patriotism which never forgets that the people make the country. No matter how we got this habit, no matter how likely it is to lead to a subordinate opinion of those virtues which seek the shade to shine in, it is certain that we have it, and it is probable that our children will have it but little less developed than ourselves. A book like this is, therefore, in its nature adapted to us, for it is the story of a prelate whose life was an admirable compound of piety befitting his station in the Church, and of patriotism suited to the people he was called to rule over.

Of Dr. Maginn we intend to say nothing in this place—we refer those who wish to know him as he was, to his biography—but we cannot refrain from thanking Mr. McGee and the publisher for the valuable addition they have made to Irish-American Literature. Three thousand miles from Innishowen, eight years after the death of the subject, without any certain prospect of remuneration, the one wrote and the other issued this book; and it is now simply a question whether the public will appreciate the labors of the Author, and reward the enterprize of the Publisher.

In summing up, Mr. M'Gee takes this comprehensive survey of Dr. Maginn's life and character:

"We have endeavored to present him to the reader as he appears to us—a patriot, high-spirited, generous, energetic, indefatigable; a priest and bishop, vigilant, hospitable, charitable, child-like in his intercourse, pious, just, forgiving, a lover of the poor, an uncompromising enemy of local oppression and lordly pride; as an author, we may more properly enlarge on the qualities by which he was distinguished. His reputation in this way, rests solely in his letters. They are evidently thrown off in considerable haste, though we have found one, and sometimes two, drafts of his chief pieces among his papers. Both the English and the Latin correspondence (the latter of which it has not been thought best to translate) are marked by great fullness of thought and expression. It is a mind overflowing—the genuine outpouring of a deep and lively stream. The writer shows his Celtic characteristics throughout, whether addressing Cardinal Fransoni or Lord Stanley, whether writing on a local interest to a Poor Law Guardian, or arraigning a Lord Lieutenant for national offences. He is always in earnest, always hearty, always straightforward; he has the faults, too, of his school and time in Ireland; he is often redundant, sometimes over-obsequious in his address to persons in high places; too impetuous, perhaps, in the charge, and too informal in the proof. His earlier style is often overrun with expletives; but as he continued to write, he became clearer and terser—more sinewy and less flabby. The English speech is thought by many to be too cold and guarded for the Irish mind, but the careful readers of Burk and Grattan will hardly subscribe to that opinion. Certainly the language of Shakspeare, Jeremy Taylor and Walter Scott, cannot be thought defective in the resources of a picturesque and imaginative diction. The genius of that language has been little studied in Irish ecclesiastical seminaries, and the result is seen in many of the late writers among the clergy. We see strength running riot, inspiration degrading itself into vituperation, and the living sense smothered under rank overgrowths of superfluous phraseology. Dr. Maginn had almost wholly freed himself from these vicious and enervating habits of expression towards the end of his days; and had he been spared to complete the term allotted to us by the Psalmist, his literary reputation would, we think, have rested on wider and deeper foundations than we can now claim for it.

"The true work of Dr. Maginn is, the Irish Church. To that work he has contributed as largely as any man of his time in the episcopacy. He upheld the sinking spirits of the Isle in the darkest hour of her modern misfortunes. He helped to defeat the Imperial oppressors in the day of their loudest exultation over her; and the rulers against whom he and his friends contended, we must remember, were men not easily baulked nor easily beaten. Yet beaten on Irish ground they have been, ever since the famine. The ruins they left have risen up and taken shape, the grave has given back its dead, the blasted tree has put forth fruit-bearing branches which cover the face of the land. As certainly as England has conquered Ireland materially, Ireland is conquering England religiously. Nor is that conquest limited to Ireland; the garrisons of the faith congregate wherever the British flag flies; it has its Cardinal in Westminster, its Bishops in Scotland, in North America, in Sidney, in Bombay, in Ceylon, in Corfu. The Irish Church has proved itself stronger than the Imperial state in the domain of Conscience, and cold must be that Christian's heart who can read without tears of admiration the record of any portion of such a struggle.

"It is in his connection with that heroic, world-wide contest, we have most loved to contemplate the character of our illustrious subject, and as one of its foremost figures we now present him to the pious remembrance of every reader of this little book!"

To say that Mr. McGee has done full justice to the great Northern Prelate would be to underrate his labors. He has done more. He has given a unity and coherence to that churchman's character which elevates it far above the pedestal of local celebrity on which it rested. He has *made* Dr. Maginn even more than Dr. Maginn made himself. With a phrase judiciously thrown in here, and a reflection in another place, he has brought into bold relief every line and lineament of his subject; and one is disposed to question when closing the "Life of Dr. Maginn" whether that eminent man would recognize his own features in the imposing central figure of it, if he were allowed to leave the sphere which his good works on earth undoubledly won for him. This "bettering" of a theme may be a defect in a biographer, but it is one which may also be legitimately considered a virtue—on account of its scarcity.

LIFE OF SAINT ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.—By the COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT, Peer of France. Translated by Mary Hackett. The Introduction Translated by Mrs. J. Sadlier. *New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 164 William street.*

In the opinion of our best American critic, Count de Montalembert's *Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary*, "is one of the most interesting, instructive, and edifying books that have appeared in our times." When we add that this, the second American edition, contains the Introduction, omitted by Miss Hackett, and is free from the typographical and other errors which impaired the former one, we have said enough to recommend it to the Catholic public.

THE CREATOR AND THE CREATURE; or, the Wonders of Divine Love. By FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D.D. With an introduction by an American Clergyman. *Baltimore: Murphy & Co., 182 Baltimore st., 1857.*

Whatever Father Faber does is well done. Each of his productions seems to outstrip the last in beauty of language, abundance of illustration and force of piety, or our partiality for the author, leaves us incapable of judging. Once we thought "*The Blessed Sacrament; or, the Works and Ways of God*," Father Faber's masterpiece, but we now withdraw the opinion, and place the "*Creator and Creature*" before it.

Father Faber has been fortunate in his American publishers. The Messrs. Murphy, of Baltimore, never allow the sale of a good book to be spoiled by a bad presence.

THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS; By CATHERINE EMMERICH. Translated by a Sister of Mercy, (Permisou Superiorum). *New York: P. O'Shea, 789 Broadway, 1857.*

This is a translation from the French of a much larger work first written in German. It contains, as the title implies, the narrative of the Sufferings of our Lord, by Ann Catherine Emmerich, who was born in the Diocese of Munster, in 1774, and died on the 9th of February, 1829. This holy Virgin was early favored with extraordinary manifestations of grace, and received in her 36th year that gift which the Saints prize next to the beatific vision itself, the stigmata. Persons of contemplative minds can have no better guide to the thrilling scenes of Calvary than the "Sufferings"—although we would have preferred to see an authorative *imprimatur* on its, title page.

GERALD O'RIELLY; or, the Triumphs of Principle, and EVA O'BEIRNE; or, the Little Lace Maker. Two Tales. By BROTHER JAMES. *Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co.*

These are two tales for youth, which deserve general circulation. They form the first of a Series about to be published by the Messrs. Murphy, "for the encouragement of virtue and the development of sound principles of morality"—an object which they are well calculated to promote.

The author, Brother James, writes in a pleasing style, but we have two little faults to find with him. The scenes of "Gerald O'Reilly," and of "Eva O'Beirne," are very properly laid in Ireland, since the institution of "the family" in that country attains a pefection which makes it an example to Christian parents the world over. For this reason, if for no other, the dialogue of both stories should be free from the vulgar Americanisms, which one meets in every alternate page, and the decent name of O'Byrne or O'Brien, should not be mutilated as it is, into "*O'Beirne.*" These oversights destroy the concord of these excellent tales, for they remind the reader that he is not where the author would have him, in Ireland but in America.

FRIENDS OF BOHEMIA; or, Phases of London Life. By E. M. WHITTY, author of "The Governing Classes." In Two Volumes. *London: Smith, Elder and Co.* 1857.

We opened this work with expectations raised to a high pitch by the reputation Mr. Whitty has acquired as a man of letters among English and Irish journalists, and we closed it with a mingled feeling of disappointment and regret. Sharp sayings, quaint allusions, satire even, it contains; but as a piece of literary workmanship, it is botched with a vengeance. Of the plot and the characters it is unnecessary to tell the reader anything, as he will not care to know when we state, that the former is no plot at all, and the latter are rank with repulsive peculiarities, not the least of which are lewdness of language and a rancid skepticism.

Of Mr. Whitty's literary ill-success we think little. Even those most conscious of it will not be disposed to doubt that he possessed the ability to succeed. But to see him up to the lips in the green and yellow quagmire of infidelity, which poisoned the atmosphere of France in the last century—to see him rejoicing in his filth—to see him prostituting the talents God has given him for good purposes to the basest ends writer ever catered to,—it is *this* which makes us consider his "*Friends of Bohemia*" a failure indeed.

MEMORARE: a collection of Catholic music, containing: Masses, Vespers, &c., &c., with accompaniment for Organ or Pianoforte. By ANTHONY WERNER. *Boston: Published by Oliver Ditson & Co. New York: S. J. Gordon, Broadway.*

This is a very excellent collection of Church music, by Mr. Werner, Organist of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston. It contains 271 pages of music, comprising Six Masses, a short Requiem Mass, Vespers, and a variety of miscellaneous pieces suitable for morning and evening service, and for Family or Private Devotion. It is approved by the Bishop of Boston.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM, a Manuel of Prayer. Compiled from approved sources by the REV. TITUS JOSLIN. With the approbation of Most Rev. Dr. Hughes, D.D. *New York: P. O'Shea, 789 Broadway.*

This Manual reflects great credit on both the Compiler and Publisher. It contains nearly 800 pages of the best selected matter ever put into a prayer book; while the paper, printing, and binding, are in character with the contents.

PUFFS AND MYSTERIES; or, the Romance of Advertising. *London: W. Kent & Co., Paternoster Row.*

This is a humorous travesty of the history of advertising in England and Scotland for the last thirty or forty years. Its moral is excellent—the mutability of Humbugs—among which may be enumerated, reader, many men and things that we wot of.

IN PRESS.—We are pleased to see by an advertisement in another page, that the Messrs. Sadliers will shortly publish the Abbe Huc's "*Christianity in China, Tartary and Thibet,*" in two volumes. The first will contain the history of Christianity from the Apostleship of St. Thomas to the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, and the second will bring it up from the time of the discovery of the Cape to the establishment of the Mantchoo-Tartar Dynasty in China. In view oi the recent action of the English, French, and other governments, these volumes will satisfy a want severely felt—a more intimate acquaintance with the religious customs of Eastern Asia. They are ample and discursive, including an account of the early Nestorian missions, the Arab travellers, the rise of Tartar Emperors, their vast triumphs, the progress of proselytism under Kublai-Khan, the embassies of St. Louis, the ministrations of Rubruk, Xavier, Ricci, Goes, and Schall, the successive dynastic changes in the Chinese Empire, and many collateral topics of considerable importance as illustrating the fortunes of the Christian faith in the deserts of Tartary, among the votaries of the Dalai Llama, and among that peculiarly material nation surnamed the Celestial.

RECEIVED—LIFE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTTS. By DONALD MCLEOD.

MARY, QUIEN OF MERCY!

(From the German of Simrock.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

There lived a knight long years ago,
Proud, carnal, vain, devotionless,
Of GOD above, or Hell below,
He took no thought, but, undismayed,
Pursued his course of wickedness.
His heart was rock; he never prayed
To be forgiven for all his treasons;
He only said, at certain seasons,
"O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

Years rolled, and found him still the same,
Still draining Pleasure's poison-bowl;
Yet felt he now and then some shame;
The torment of the Undying Worm
At whiles woke in his trembling soul;
And then, though powerless to reform,
Would he, in hope to appease that stearnest
Avenger, cry, and more in earnest
"O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

At last Youth's riotous time was gone,
And loathing now came after Sin.
With locks yet brown he felt as one
Grown gray at heart; and oft with tears,
He tried, but all in vain, to win
From the dark desert of his years
One flower of hope; yet, morn and evening,
He still cried, but with deeper meaning,
"O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

A happier mind, a holier mood,
A purer spirit ruled him now!
No more in thrall to flesh and blood,
He took a pilgrim-staff in hand,
And, under a religious vow,
Travailed his way to Pommerland;
There entered he an humble cloister,
Exclaiming while his eyes grew moister,
"O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

Here, shorn and cowled, he laid his cares
Aside, and wrought for GOD alone.
Albeit he sang no choral prayers,
Nor matin hymn nor land could learn,
He mortified his flesh to stone;
For him no penance was too stern;
And often prayed he on on his lonely
Cell-couch at night, but still said only,
"O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

They buried him with Mass and song
Aneath a little knoll so green;
But, lo! a wonder-sight!—Ere long
Rose, blooming, from that verdant mound,
The fairest lily ever seen;
And, on its petal-edges round
Relieving their translucent whiteness,
Did shine those words in gold-hued brightness,
"O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

And, would GOD's angels give thee power,
Thou, dearest reader, mightst behold
The fibres of this holy flower
Upspringing from the dead man's heart
In tremulous threads of light and gold;
Then wouldst thou choose the better part!
And thenceforth flee Sin's foul suggestions;
Thy sole response to mocking questions,
"O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

SPIRIT COMPANY.

BY T. IRWIN.

Up cheerful as the morn I rise,
Though foreign airs around me blow,
For well I deem that Spirit eyes
Look into mine where'er I go:
So, in the viny window nook,
With southern sunlight round, I sit
And read aloud from some old book,
Old music lines of poet wit,
That those I love around may hear me,
And melt in sweet mute laughter near me.

With them I stroll all day along
The fresh blue bay and sunny shore,
And hear the brown old fisher's song,
Above his nets hummed o'er and o'er;
And wander up the evening cliffs,
Askirted by the shadowy lines;
And as I watch the fading skiffs,
I whisper oft of loved old times,
That those I love around may hear me,
And smile with gentle memories near me.

And when the golden sunset dips
Beneath the garden's walnut trees,
In vintage gay I bathe my lips,
Till the white star floats up the seas;
Then as upon the hill o'erhead,
The quiet shepherd pens his fold,
I sit among the stilly Dead,
And sing the songs they loved of old,
And hear their echoes grown divine,
Come back through this waked heart of mine.

But when o'er hill and ocean soon
Falls the deep midnight blue and rare,
And tolling bell and rounded moon
Awake the tranced time of prayer—
Through starry casement lone I gaze
Up on the heavenly path they've trod,
And murmur o'er their love and praise,
With lowly KNEES before our GOD;
And hear—as though beyond the sea,
The loved Old Voices pray for me.

The poems of the late JOSEPH BRENAN, of New Orleans, are to be published for the benefit of his widow. The work is to be edited by R. Dalton Williams, Esq., Professor in the Mobile College.

THE IRISH BRIGADE
IN THE
SERVICE OF FRANCE.

AN HISTORICAL LECTURE,
By Thomas Darcy McGee.

The history of the Irish nation is much indebted to Voltaire for his celebrated saying, that the "Irish *always* fought badly at home." Its currency through the last century compelled our men of research to vindicate the actions of their ancestors. It stirred the half-quenched embers of a past pride, and brought fuel to the flame. It has given birth to dozens of books, from Colonel O'Kelly's allegory of the "Siege of Cyprus," to Mr. John Cornelius O'Callaghan's recent excellent "History of the Irish Brigade."

Voltaire's fallacy was suggested to his mind, fertile in paradoxes, while contemplating the gigantic achievments of the Irish troops in the service of Louis XIV. There was no question throughout Europe, that the Irish fought splendidly *abroad*. In the darkest of their centuries—between the surrender of Limerick and the Convention at Dungannon—four exiled generations shook Europe with the tramp of their invincible battalions. High-born gentlemen who quartered crowns in their escutcheons, and sat on scarcely inferior terms at the tables of kings; wits, the delight of the salons of Versailles and Vienna; uniformed peasants, mingling their Gælic jests and rhymes on the Pruth and the Arno, with phrases of imperfectly learned French and German; old, venerable invalids in royal hospitals, telling their tales of war, in the sun, to loitering townsmen; in all adventures, successes, reverses, phases of their fortune, the Irish soldiers in those days in the Continental service must ever be remembered with a very high degree of admiration.

What gives the refined charm of a pathetic feeling to the great deeds they were accustomed to perform is, that they were done in exile—done by men without a country—done by men without a prospect of achieving or recovering a country. Ah! little do they know who have never felt it in themselves, how sad a burden is hopeless love of country. Heavier than any old Prussian knapsack, is the heart in the breast of the banished man. The British or French soldier, fighting under his own colors, in his own cause, sees through the smoke of the battle the honored retreat of the Invalides or of Greenwich, or the dearer triumphal entry into London or Paris. Not less attached to home were those brave Irishmen, forever forbidden to look forward even to the possession of a grave in their own soil. Some fortunate individual—one of a thousand—for some special generosity to British prisoners, might be now and then permitted, by a particular tolerance, to breathe his last in native air; but it was even in these rare cases, on the eve of death that the favored individual reached the country where he should have spent his life. Some few enthusiasts of old customs, stole home in the last stages of decay, and procured by stealth the cold charity of a handful of kindred clay to cover them. An incident of this nature, as related by one of the new proprietors of old estates in the south of Ireland, has frequently been published. Walking in his grounds, some time in the last century, he was surprised to meet emerging out of the ruins of the old castle—the residence of former chiefs—a venerable stranger, his face bathed in tears. Addressing him with the courtesy and sympathy natural in such a meeting, he received an answer to this effect: "Alas! Sir, this was the home of my fathers from time immemorial; here four score years ago, I myself was born; I have passed all my life in foreign service; but I could not die in peace till I came back to see this well beloved place—even though I found it in ruins." Refusing all further attention from the new proprietor, the aged exile departed to find, like so many thousands of his comrades, at the hands of strangers, an undistinguished grave.

But the story is not all sadness. There were consolations of glory, and there were consolations of religion, for the Irish Brigade. Catholics to a man, they entered into the service of none but Catholic Princes. In this they were conscientious throughout. The King of Prussia, famous for his gigantic grenadiers, was very desirous to have some Irish regiments as his neighbors France and Austria had; but though several levies were forcibly embodied and shipped to him by his allies of the House of Brunswick, they dwindled away and soon disappeared out of the Prussian service. Some Wexford insurgents condemned to death after 1798, and pardoned on condition of going to Prussia, surrendered to Napoleon—or rather to their compatriot, Colonel Allen—after the battle of Jena, and were incorporated with the Grand Army. Though often arrayed by the complications of Continental policy against his countrymen, the Irish soldier, whether in the service of Austria or of France, of Naples or of Savoy, still consoled himself with his liberty of conscience, and his Catholic associations. Unlike that sagacious *soldado*, Captain Dugald Dalgetty, they never considered changing sides in religion, to be a mere matter of profit or loss—nor that an "increase of pay" could compensate for "the injury they might thereby do their consciences." They were no Swiss, to sell their swords to the highest bidder; and though very willing, too willing sometimes, to embark their bodily prowess, in any quarrel, they were not willing—soldiers by profession though they were—to peril their immortal souls, without the chance of the last sacraments! Their chaplains were generally their own countrymen, chosen out of the Irish Colleges, so numerous on the Continent in those evil days; and to one of those chaplains, the excellent Abbe MacGeoghegan, we are indebted for the best history of Ireland, (though published at Paris and in French,) that the last century could produce. That history is very naturally and very feelingly dedicated "to the Irish troops in the service of France;" and in the latter chapters of it, there are some interesting allusions to the exploits of its patrons up to the period of its publication.

I love to contemplate these intrepid soldiers as faithful champions of the faith of their fathers. And why should not the military character be favorable to every virtue?

What characters in all history are more truly admirable than St. Louis and Godfrey of Boulogne? Did their daily preparation for death make them strike less home, when once in the saddle? I know it is the theory of some that a soldier by profession ought to be a scoundrel in morals. I do not—I hope you do not believe in such a theory. The camp, like civil life, has its vices; it has also its virtues; it is, perhaps, more than civil life, favorable to the growth of all manly virtues. Of some of these virtues the Irish troops in the service of France, were conspicious examples. Many of their officers were proverbial for their piety. And this is not wonderful. Usually the future priests of Rome and soldiers of France, were smuggled over together to St. Malo or to Ostend, by the contrabandists of the Channel Islands. Shooting out from their hiding places, those hardy *irregulars* of commerce found a ready sale for their unlicensed commodities in the innumerable creeks of the south and west of Ireland, and were always ready for "value received" to carry over to France or the Netherlands, the recruits of the Church or of King Louis. The student in theology and the "bachelor at arms," stood side by side on the poop, and slept side by side in the hold; they talked of glory and of duty, of vengeance and of victory; the soldier of the cross instructed the soldier of the world; for both were soldiers, and though their arms were most unlike their calling was kindred—the safety of society and of the salvation of souls. Often the recruits, who thus set out together, met in after years, in belcaguered towns or on sulphurous fields, in the *ambulonce* choked with the dying and the dead, or on the peaceful ramparts of fortified towns, when war's rude blast had blown. Often the Irish Abbe moistened his dying brother's lips; often the Gealic ear was bent to the Gaelic veteran's self-accusation; nor need we wonder if the ministrations of the Priest were mingled with the sorrows of the man, when the compatriot in Holy Orders recited the last offices of the Church over his brothers in misfortune and in fidelity.

Nothing more touchingly illustrates to my mind the relation between these two orders of men, than the fact, that many *bourses*, (free places,) in the continental colleges, were founded for Irish students by superannuated Irish officers, who had not seen Ireland, perhaps, for fifty years, and who never could hope to see it again. Those pious warriors usually stipulated that their kinsman should have a first claim on such *bourses*—their native dioceses the next—and in default of either applying, then "any native of Ireland" was eligible. Is it possible to imagine a more affecting picture? An old commandant covered with scars and crosses, hobbling on his cane, to the next Notary, to devise the hoardings of his life to some neighboring Seminary, with the view of helping to maintain, after his death, the faith of his fathers in his native land? The perilous wages of war for which he risked his blood on so many occasions—the hard-won competency of old age—the price of sleepless nights and feverish wounds—of vigil and hardships in the trenches and the camp—he cheerfully dedicates in his last moments to uphold in Ireland the pure worship of that God, who had preserved him from amidst ten thousand of his comrades. There is nothing in the Crusades or in the early Church, superior in Christian disinterestedness to this. To complete the picture, you have but to imagine the old Chevalier or Commandant, after a pinch of snuff from his diamond box, perhaps the gift of some good Empress, a passing jest, and an incomparable bow to the Notary, departing to his solitary lodgings, there with soldierly precision to prepare for the last solemn act of Life's mysterious Drama.

Ladies and gentlemen, there were consolations of glory as well as of religion for those brave men. The gloom of fate was cheered by the light of victory—sweet victory over the oppressors who had cruelly condemned them to perpetual exile. While they lived they kept those oppressors fearfully aware of their existence; they sent forth in thunder and in lightning from amid the smoke of a hundred battle fields, their glorious protest against the wholesale banishment of the youth of Ireland. I have no intention of stirring up obsolete political animosities. In this new state of society, under its fortunate and novel conditions, such appeals are, and ought to be, discouraged. I resort to the arsenal of history, to read the solemn texts engraved on the sword-blades of our ancestors, not to seek for poisoned arrows to be directed against your neighbors, or friends, or fellow-citizens. I recite these facts for the moral they fling forward on the future, not to revive the bitterness in which they originally had their root. I say the Irish exiles of the last century had their consolations of glory; and I will add, that these consolations were none the less sweet from the triumphs won over the Monarchs and the Cabinets, who from William III. to George III., cruelly refused them "leave to live," in the land of their nativity.

In justice to my subject, and to condense it within the reasonable limits of a lecture, I must confine myself to the Irish troops in the service of France. To what number did their whole host amount? In 1812, the Duc de Feltre, Napoleon's Minister of War—himself an Irishman, named Clarke—permitted "the Adjutant-Commandant," Colonel De Montmorency Morres, to take copies of the documents in relation to the Irish Brigade, then in the French Archives. (These documents are the basis, and are given in full, in O'Connor's and O'Callaghan's History.) From the *data* thus supplied, it appears that beween 1690 and 1790, 250,000 natives of Ireland had fallen in the military service of France. To account for this enormous supply of able-bodied men, we have only to remember that the Atlantic exodus has not yet assumed its now gigantic dimensions. The British Colonies were hermetically sealed by legislation against the Catholics, who, oppressed at home, and rigorously shut out of the Colonies, naturally looked to France, both as a kindred and a Catholic country. Yes, they naturally looked to that noble nation, the bulwark and head of Christendom, in its struggles with the Goth, the Mussulman, and the House of Austria. They looked to France, the land of St. Patrick and St. Bernard—two of the best friends Ireland ever saw; France, the early, the steady, and the generous friend of Ireland and of Irishmen. The hope also of returning in triumph to their own land, under the restoration of the Stuarts, was fondly cherished by them, in common with the gallant Scots in the French service—at least down to 1745. That hope finally quenched—the Penal Laws relaxed—the Irish Parliament declared independent—the Revolution in France emerging from the abyss—the Irish Brigade was gradually to pass from the stage of Action into the calm domain of History.

I should premise that there were *two* Irish Brigades in the French service. The first Brigade was founded on the three regiments sent by King James to King Louis in 1690, in part exchange for 30,000 French troops promised to Ireland. Its Brigadier-General was Justin MacCarthy (Lord Mountcashel)—it is called "The Old Brigade." They distinguished themselves the summer of their arrival in France in the campaign of Savoy, under Marshal Catinat. At Staffordo, the gallant Mountcashel lost his life. The second, or new Brigade, was formed out of the troops—19,000 men—who surrendered at Limerick in 1691; three-fourths of whom preferred an armed expatriation to a disarmed submission to William III. "There were," says the Memoir, authenticated by the Duc de Feltre "in France at the beginning of 1691, *twenty-five* Irish battalions;" which battalions, with some "supernumerary Irish companies," would probably make the whole number of Irish at that date in the service of King Louis—about 25,000 men. Subsequently—after the peace of Ryswick, I believe, many regiments being greatly reduced in complement—they were consolidated into *the* Brigade; their greatest service as a distinct force, was at Fontenoy in 1746. Most of the regiments continued to exist till the Revolution; but Fontenoy was their last great day as a Brigade.

Let us consider some of the military consolations of those armed exiles. What Marengo and Austerlitz, the sieges of Saragossa and Genoa; what Moscow and Waterloo are to the first half of the present century—to us, and to our immediate predecessors—that Namur and Cremona, Blenheim and Ramillies, Almanza and Fontenoy were to the Europe of the first half of the XVIII. century. The places which Napoleon and Wellington, Suwarroff and Blucher, held in the popular estimation of this age, Turenne and Saxe, Marlboro and Prince Eugene held among their cotemporaries. Ireland, though not a principal, was a deeply interested party in their wars; her military celebrities at that time are interesting as agents rather than as masters of the destinies of Europe. Mountcashel, Sarsfield, the O'Brien's—father, son, and grandson—whether as Earls of Clare or of Thomond—the Dillons, Nugents, O'Donnells, we must confess, played a secondary part; but it was second in the game of kings, and those kings magnanimously admitted that their fortunes more than once depended on the tried valor of their Irish troops. I will endeavor to select and briefly describe two or three of those critical occasions.

(To be concluded in our next.)

STORM AND CALM.

BY HENRY A. RAWES, M.A.

I.

The strong storm-wind through the forest swept,
When the leafless trees were bare,
From peak to peak of the mountains leapt,
And shook all their tangled hair.

II.

The storm laughing loud, with a wild deep voice,
Swept onward across the sea,
And bade the tempestuous waves rejoice
That they were so wild and free.

III.

But what is the storm of that homeless wind,
To the tempest of human hearts,
Which in darkness and storm no refuge find,
As the light of the day departs?

IV.

And what is the rage of that wild deep sea,
In which shattered wrecks are lost;
To the rage of that false wild liberty,
On which souls are tempest tost?

V.

The sunshine slept on the forest glade,
When the leafy trees were green;
And o'er the flower-strewn mountains strayed,
With its splendour of dazzling sheen.

VI.

The sunshine danced on the waters bright,
That laughed with their dimpled smiles:
And sped on its way with the glancing light,
That encircled its thousand isles.

VII.

But what is the light of the sunshine sweet,
With its shadows among the trees,
To the waving circles of light that meet,
Round a watcher upon his knees?

VIII.

And what is the light from the sun above,
As it sinks in the waveless sea;
To the light in the depths of souls that love,
And the joy of their purity?

IX.

O may it be ours, when storms are gone,
In the sea and the sky above;
To rejoice at rest, in our Father's home,
And be crowned with our Mother's love.

X.

O may it be ours, in God foreknown,
Dear brothers, and sisters mine;
To dwell in the beauty of Mary's throne,
And the Love of our Lord Divine.

Bosco, legerdemainist, has met with a severe accident at Weimar. Whilst handling or loading a pistol, between the acts of a representation attended by the Grand Ducal Court, the weapon either burst or went off, and drove the ramrod through his hand into the ceiling.

LEGENDS
AND
TALES OF IRELAND.

[FROM A WORK IN PREPERATION, BY MRS. J. SADLIER.]

Closing Scene of St. Columbkill's Life.

The sixth century was drawing to a close when St. Columba in his far island home, said to his favorite monk, Diarmid: "Come, let us walk abroad. My heart is like the heart of youth this day, and I would walk once more amongst the green fields and hear the songsters of the air praise our Maker."

So the old man stepped forth from his beloved cell and accompanied by Diarmid walked out into the fields. To the surprise of his companion he visited in turn the different buildings belonging to his Abbey, solemnly blessing each, and having thus made a circuit of the whole he said:

"Let us go a little farther, Diarmid! I would look once again over the waters that hide Ierne from our eyes." The monk offered his arm, wondering all the time at the unusual gravity of his master's demeanor, for Columba was habitually gay and cheerful. But with a smile he rejected the offered aid, saying: "I need no help this day, Diarmid! The Lord my Saviour is with me—in him I walk, and my strength is great, for on this day do I reach the full stature of the perfect man. You wonder, Diarmid, at my words, but you will understand what I say before many hours."

Diarmid wondered all the more, but he remained silent for a heavy weight was on his heart—though he knew not why.

The Saint then ascended a little hill adjacent to his monastery, and casting his eyes over the waste of waters in the direction of his native land which was doubtless visible to his prophetic gaze, he remained for a few minutes silent, his aged though still handsome countenance expressing by turns the inward emotions of his soul, and his large soft eyes suffused with tears. After a little he raised his trembling hands to heaven, and murmured in an audible tone a fervent prayer for that beloved land from which it had pleased God to send him forth.

"May my blessing and the blessing of God rest on thee for ever, O Erin! of green fields and shining waters. Fair thou art, O land of Columba's love!—lovely art thou resting there as a queen amid the blue waters, with the bright sun mirrored in thy lakes and rivers—but not for this does Columba love thee, O Eden of the western world! It is because of the blessing that is on thee, my country! because of the glory that is reserved for thee in the years that are to come. I see the paths of thy children—they are bright marked amid the nations,—they are not the ways of the ungodly. Fair, too, is their fruit in the vineyard of the Lord. Thrice blessed art thou, O Erin! blessed in the multitude of thy saints—blessed in thy stripes and scourgings, thy sufferings and thy tribulations—blessed, above all, in thy constancy to the faith of Christ our Lord! Never again shall Columba's foot tread thine honored soil, but from afar he blesses thee, and rejoices in that the Lord hath made thee as a great light light amongst the nations!"

He was again silent. The light of inspiration gradually faded from his countenance, and turning his humid eyes on Diarmid, he smiled at his attitude of mute astonishment.

"Come, now, Diarmid!" said the Saint in his usual manner, "the end approaches. I feel somewhat faint—let us go in."

"But holy father!" said the monk, "wherefore all this?—never did I hear such words from thy mouth as thou didst speak but now."

"True Diarmid, my speech is strange to thee this day, but have patience a little and thou shalt hear all. My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour, I have fought the good fight, O my brother, and the goal is near."

On reaching the Abbey, the Saint retired to a little hut where much of his time was latterly spent. He was then engaged in transcribing the Psalms of David, and notwithstanding his increasing faintness, he resumed his work, telling Diarmid to remain near him. Having written for some time with great assiduity, he laid down his pen, and raising his eyes to the face of his companion, he said with a faint smile:

"I have done what I could. Let Baithen do the rest."

He had just finished the 11th verse of the 33rd Psalm, "They that seek the Lord shall not be deprived of any good."

Diarmid, alarmed by the deathly paleness of his master, would have run for assistance, but Columba said: "You will suffice. Give me your arm, that I may reach my cell. Your trouble with me will soon be over, Diarmid."

The faithful attendant burst into tears, for he now saw clearly what his master meant. Columba gently rebuked him, asking whether he had expected him to live for ever. "I have lived long enough in exile, Diarmid," said he, "and would fain go home. Grudge me not the rest on which I am about to enter."

Having had a short repose, the holy Abbot rallied somewhat, and wished to assist at vespers for the last time. He was borne to the choir, and leaning against the wall, sat with closed eyes, and clasped hands, drinking in the —to him—delicious music of the pslams, while his brethren sang the divine office. The community were now too fully sensible of their approaching loss, and the sight of their beloved master, hovering on the verge of death, made their tears flow and their voices tremble, but still they sang their best and sweetest, well knowing how dear to Columba's heart was the sound of praise and thanksgiving to God.

The evening service over, the Saint was carried back to his cell and laid on his bed of stone. His strength was failing fast, but a holy joy infused new life into his soul, and, desirous to employ even the short time that remained for the glory of God, and the good of his spiritual children, he dictated to one of his monks some further instructions for the communities who followed his rule. Thus passed away the short twilight of that region, and even when night had settled down on the earth, a light was brought, Columba still dictated, and the monk still wrote.

The dead of night was approaching, and the holy Abbot, having enjoyed a tranquil sleep, declared himself so refreshed, that he would join the community in their midnight prayer. He was accordingly borne to the chapel, and for some time prayed with great fervor, when, all alone, he was seen to fall prostrate before the altar where he knelt, and some of the monks hastening to him, he was found insensible and almost dead.

The cries and lamentations of the brotherhood aroused the Saint, and opening his eyes, he looked around with a happy smile on his death-like countenance. Motioning to those who carried him to stop a little, he made several attempts to speak, and at length succeeded, though his voice was hardly audible.

"Brethren!" said the holy man, "why weep ye thus? why will ye sorrow as without hope? If ye grieve to lose me, labor the more for that heaven where, through Christ's great mercy, I hope to await your coming. I go to my Lord and yours, and I will be mindful of you all when I stand before His throne. My blessing be upon ye all!" He was then carried back to his little cell and laid once more on his hard couch, where a short time after he resigned his soul to Him who gave it, in the presence of his beloved brethren, whose groans and sighs were hushed in joyful admiration at the happy departure of the good and faithful servant of the Lord.

Thus died St. Columbkill—the Dove of the Church—the Abbot whose jurisdiction exceeded in extent that of any bishop—the Apostle of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland—the descendant of the proud Hy-Nial princes of Ulster. He died full of years as of honor, having completed his seventy-sixth year, the greater part of which time was spent in holy religion, and in the active service of God.

Of St. Columba it may well be said that he was "a prophet mighty in word and work." To him were revealed in a wonderful manner the secrets of futurity, and the fruits of his sainted genius are still amongst us, and will remain with his people till the end of time. He has bequeathed to Ireland a name of which she is and ever will be justly proud.

(To be continued.)

WON'T PAY.—The members of the Board of Conncilmen are at daggers ends with Comptroller Flagg on the score of pay. The Comptroller appears to set a smaller estimate on the services of the City Solons than they are of opinion such services merit, and has accordingly refused to re-imburse them for their last month's services. Mr. Jonas N. Philips, President of the Board, waited on the Comptroller's Secretary and informed that person, that he would be compelled to sue forwith for his pay. He was directed to proceed without the least possible delay and see what would be the result of this legal process.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Legislative Matters.—The Grand Duke Constantine.—The King of Bavaria. Biographical Sketch.—Prince Napoleon's Movements. Rumored Congress of Sovereigns.—Settlement of the Swiss Question.—The Treaty between England and Persia.—Mlle. Rochel. Her rumored Conversion to Catholicity.—Death of a Senator, M. Viellard.—Biographical Sketch.—Vidocq, in his last Moments.—Arrival of Carpentier.—Departure for America of another Financier.

PARIS, 21st May, 1857.

An introduction is a ceremony which ever inspired me with terror. But when one has to make his bow to some thousands of intelligent readers, it is enough to make stouter hearts than mine tremble. However, I am determined to screw up my courage to the sticking point, and merely prevising that as your Parisian Correspondent no zeal shall be wanting on my part to give the readers of the N. Y. TABLET the earliest and most reliable accounts of all important events transpiring here, I shall follow Hamlet's advice to the player, leave all preliminary face-making and begin.

The present session of the Corps Legislatif which was to have terminated on the 16th, has been prolonged to the 28th, in consequence of important reasons and projects of law, which could not have been laid before that body sufficiently early to allow the members to discuss them in full. Among those measures are—the renewal of the privilege enjoyed by the Bank of France—the tax on moveable property—the fusion of the Railroad Companies, and the grant for the establishment of the line of transatlantic packet boats. It is the prevalent belief that the prolongation of the bank privilege will be accorded. The report of the Minister at War shows the amount of sums paid for enlistments and re-enlistments, to be about 80 millions of francs. The government intends increasing the number of vessels to be sent to China.

The Grand Duke Constantine has at last quitted Paris, after having seen everything that is worth seeing in this city. During the Grand Duke's stay at Fontainebleau, the Emperor lodged in the apartments formerly occupied by Napoleon I., and it was in the very cabinet where the uncle signed his abdication that the nephew received his distinguished guest. The very table on which the first Emperor wrote away all that remained of his greatness is still preserved in the room. The circumstance must have suggested some curious reflections to the Grand Duke. His Imperial Highness arrived in Bordeaux on the evening of the 18th, and is to leave that city for Rochefort this afternoon. On the 28th, he will embark in the yacht of honor of the English Admiralty, *Osborne*, which will await his Highness at Cherbourg, to transport him to the Isle of Wight, where Queen Victoria will receive him. It is said that the Emperor and Empress of the French, the Dowager Empress of Russia and the Grand Duke, will visit the Pyrenees this summer, and spend some time at Bagneres de Bigorre, in order to enjoy the benefit of the waters. I will not guarantee the exactitude of this last piece of information; I merely report the rumor, and tell the tale as it was told to me. Before leaving the city the Grand Duke sent 5,000 francs to the Municipal Council to be devoted to charitable purposes.

I may say, parodizing the poet, that visitors succeed but do not resemble each other. However they may differ we must always have some distinguished guest. The Grand Duke has been replaced by the King of Bavaria who arrived at Fontainbleau on Monday last. He will stay there until the 22nd, when he will return to Paris, and remain in the Capital until the commencement of June. Maximilian II. is forty-six years old; he was born in Munich in November, 1811. He ascended the throne on the 21st March, 1848, after the abdication of his father, Louis I. He married, in 1842, the Queen, Frederica-Francesca Hedwig, a member of the Prussian Royal Family. He has two children, the elder of whom, the Prince Royal of Bavaria, Otho Frederic Maximilien, is twelve years of age. His Majesty is in stature above the middle size, and the expression of his face kind and prepossessing. He is possessed of much erudition, and is a great lover of the Fine Arts.

Prince Napoleon left Berlin for Dresden on the 14th, and arrived in the latter city in the afternoon of the same day. He was received by the Prince Royal and conducted in an open carriage to the Royal Chateau, where the Archduchess Sophia, mother of the Emperor of Austria, was also expected. The Prince's visit to Dresden and to the Prussian Capital has given rise to all sorts of rumors as to its object. If we believe some of the German Correspondents of the Paris Press, Prince Napoleon's mission to the Prussian and Saxon Courts, is to make arrangements for a monster meeting of crowned heads, which is to take place either in the Capital of Saxony, or at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the autumn of the present year, and at which the Emperors of France, Austria, and Russia, and the Germanic Kings are to assist. Others see in every step made by Prince Napoleon a matrimonial negociation. They seem determined that H. J. H. shall become a husband or, at least, a wooer in spite of himself. Whether it be that they think the Prince, who is on the sombre side of forty, ought to lose no time in getting married, if he ever intends tasting the joys of double blessedness, I know not; but they spare no pains in giving him the reputation of a travelling and imperial Tupman, seeking whom he may espouse. When the Prince was in Berlin, the Princess Hohenzollern Sigmaringen was the lady of their choice; when he was about to depart from that city for Dresden it was with the same design, the Princess being, said those faithful chroniclers, in the Saxon Capital. But the Princess was not in Dresden, and, not to lose any more time in looking for her, the Princess Sidonie, third daughter of the King of Saxony, was chosen to fill her place. I will not dwell upon those rumors at present; I prefer giving Time an opportunity of throwing a little light on the question. The King of Saxony in person presented to his guest the insignia of the Order of the Green Crown, and on yesterday the Prince was to leave Dresden on his return hither.

The journey of Pius the Ninth, has been, according to a letter of a friend in the City of the Cæsars, a veritable and continued ovation. His Holiness arrived at Perugia on the 12th inst. The Archduke Charles, second son of the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Prince Corsini witnessed His Holiness' entry, from the Balcony of the Giacarlo Palace. The Archduke having requested an audience was received, and in the name of the Grand Duke, his father, complimented his Holiness on his happy voyage. Before the close of the interview the holy Father conferred on the Archduke the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Pius. Towards the evening of the 12th, the Pope arrived at Macerata where an immense concourse of people, received in a most imposing manner their august visitor. His Holiness was accompanied by the Cardinal Archbishop of Fermo.

As I have got into Italy, I shall just take a jump over the Alps and talk to you about Neuchatel. The jump is certainly a considerable one but with a good will and a pen for a leaping-pole it is easily done. The Neuchatel question is settled at last; the Count de Hatzfeld had at first received instructions to effect certain modifications in the treaty proposed by the Conference of Paris, particularly with regard to the seventh article which the King of Prussia desired to be couched in its original terms. This seventh article, as you are aware, guaranteed the property of the Church of Neuchatel. His Prussian Majesty also demanded that the article concerning the revision of the Constitution should be preserved in the treaty. These conditions granted, he would give up the indemnity of a million which as I have always considered, he had only looked upon as a means of obtaining further concessions from the Swiss Government. The letter written by the Emperor to the King of Prussia touched on those points, and the result of the epistle was that the Count de Hatzfeld received orders to sign the treaty as it stood. The King of Prussia has, besides, with a generosity which does him honor, given up the indemnity of one million, an act which is the subject of eulogium among all classes here. Thus ends the Swiss question. *Requiescat in pace.*

Notwithstanding the announcement, by the *Moniteur Universel*, of the ratification, on the 14th of April, at Teheran, of the treaty between Persia and England, the *Nord* persists in stating that certain changes have been demanded by the Shah. To explain the motive of that desired modification it may be necessary to say that Russia alone has the power of appointing an unlimited number of consuls and other agents in Persia. England wants to be placed on the the same footing as Russia, and the Shah, who trembles at the idea of an English Consular Propaganda, adroitly meets the demand by a proposal to limit the number of Russian consular agents (a measure to which Russia is said to have consented), and by allowing England the same number as the Shah's Muscovite ally. This

little bit of Persian diplomacy is exceedingly disagreeable to England, who finds herself overreached in the affair—the more so, as the proposition of the Persian Government is far from unreasonable, and as it offers no plausible motive for resorting to the usual English mode of reasoning with a feeble enemy. The Emperor, it is said, is endeavoring to convince his ally of the justice of the Persian monarch's demand.

Let us pass from political to personal matters from Persia into the Land of the Ptolemies and with Mlle. Rachel as a travelling companion, cross over to Marseilles. The great artist is still suffering. A correspondance from Marseilles announces the probability of Mlle. Rachel's conversion to Catholicity. During the voyage from Alexandria to Marseilles, the celebrated tragedienne had long and earnest conversations with Monsignor Pellerin, Apostolic Vicar in Cochin-China, and seemed to listen to the words of her reverend companion with the most profound attention. Mlle. Rachel also assisted at the sacrifice of the Mass when the steamer touched at Malta, and her respectful attention during the ceremony was the subject of general remark. Persons who have had the pleasure of being received by her, state that her determination is irrevocable, and that her family will not oppose her design. What if the celebrated intonation that Mlle. Rachel gives to the words: *Je vois, je crois*, in the character of Pauline, in old Corneille's *Polyeucte*, was but the accent of truth?

Among the remarkable persons deceased during the past week is M. Vieillard, who has been honored with the Emperor's special friendship and confidence. The day preceding the demise of his faithful counsellor the Emperor abandoned the fetes of Fontainebleau to bid him a last adieu. M. Vieillard was sixty-six years of age. A pupil of the Imperial Lyceum, he was admitted to the Polytechnic School in 1809, and afterwards to that of Metz. He left the School in 1812, a lieutenant, when the Emperor set out on the Russian campaign, and on his return assisted at the memorable defence of Dantzick. He left the army after the Capitulation and quitted France. Having been presented to the Imperial Family, he became tutor to the present Emperor's eldest brother, who died at Forli in 1831, since which time M. Vieillard has been particularly attached to Napoleon III., and has often aided him by his counsel. As a man, M. Vieillard was an estimable character, and notwithstanding the influence he possessed over the Emperor and the latter's favors, he preserved his modesty and simplicity of manners to the last. As a politician he was independent of all party influence; he was appointed Deputy under Louis Philippe in 1842, was a member of the Constituante in 1848, and subsequently of the Legislative Assembly. He was appointed Senator by the Emperor in 1852.

Another celebrity, of a less enviable fame, it is true, but whose name was once on every lip in France, has momentarily come forth from oblivion by ceasing to live. I mean Vidocq, the once notorious Chief of the Police de Surete, who had prepared himself for that post by graduating at the Bagne, so true is it that it takes a thief to catch a thief. Vidocq published his *Memoires* in four volumes in 1828–9; the first two volumes were written for him by M. Maurice, the last by M. Lheritier. He also published the *True Mysteries of Paris*. Those works had a great success among certain classes—not the most refined, assuredly. Having been defeated by his rival Lacour, who discovered the robbers of the medals of the Royal Library, he left the service and earned his livelihood since then by discovering stolen objects and other means of the kind. He died expressing the sincerest repentance, and not being able to move his right arm he had a Crucifix tied to it, that his lips might to the last moment touch the Sacred Symbol. The mercy of the Lord is infinite, and the penitent thief who trusted in him was admitted to the joys of Paradise!

From thief-catchers to those to whom we are indebted for their existence, the transition is natural. The famous Carpentier, the difficulty of obtaining whose extradition gave rise to so many diatribes against your trans-Atlantic justice, arrived here on the evening of the 17th and was received by the Chief of Police. Under the guard of an agent and two gens d'armes he was conducted to the Mazas prison where he is incarcerated. A few days before leaving your city he wrote a letter to his family explaining his reasons for making an avowal. In that epistle he says, that though your mode of administering justice disgusted him, he could not but feel flattered by the consideration with which he was treated and feared that things would not be so well managed in France. A feuilletonist, in speaking of this letter, says, that Carpentier is no doubt entitled to consideration, but hardly thinks it would be wise to present him the keys of the city on a silver salver—he might put them in his pocket.

I have just heard that another financier has set out on a visit to you in order to replace Carpentier. This gentleman is Mr. Charles Thurneyssen, nephew of Mr. Charles Thurneyssen, one of the administrators of the Credit Mobilier. The uncle is, it is said, one of the nephew's victims. The affair amounts to some millions, belonging, for the most part, to Polish families residing here. Some of them are completely ruined. It is to be hoped that Mr. Thurneyssen will be treated with the consideration he merits, when he arrives at your end of the trans-Atlantic telegraph—that is to be.

CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK.

The Comet.—Philosophers Differ.—German versus French savants.—Beranger and the Comet of 1832.—The World is Old Enough.—Superstition of the Past and Enlightenment of the Present.—Fifth Avenue Deserted.—Tyranny of Fashion.—The Theatre Question.—The Academy of Music.—Mme. Gazzaniga.—False Pretences.

We know not if the supposed proximity of the Comet has had an effect on the public mind, but the past week has been decidedly remarkable for its dullness. The fact is, that a week or ten days before the end of the world is rather late in the day to commence any undertaking however modest its proportions may be. Philosophers, it is true, have proved, to their own satisfaction at least, that Charles Quint could not possibly walk into us on the appointed day—that even, if it did, it was of so light a nature, that it could not even knock down the most fragile of our hastily constructed New York houses; in short, that this much-talked of and much dreaded heavenly body, was really and truly nobody at all. Others fully as learned have also demonstrated, to their satisfaction, and to the dissatisfaction of many, that the Comet will be here without fail, and with a wag of his tail send the earth tumbling, twisting and twirling through the air like a kite when the string is broken. In this age of party spirit, when men assume opinions if they have them not, it is no wonder that two great parties should have grown up out of this question: the Comet-coming and the anti-Comet-coming factions. The German philosophers go in with considerable strength for the end of the world; while the French take the opposite side of the question. In 1832 the two schools were at loggerheads on a like question, and occupied the same relative position as they do at present. The Comet of that year had the honor of being saluted by the great bard of France. Beranger then thought that the world was old enough, and, weary of abuses, errors, fools adorned with pompous sobriquets, wars and rapine, he was of opinion that it was just as good to put an end to it altogether. What would he say now were he to write a song on the advent of Charles Quint!

We agree with Beranger; the world is old enough, and one would think that it was in its dotage. Do we not hear men talking of the enlightenment of our century, glorifying our progress, sighing with pious and philanthropic grief at the bare remembrance of the superstition of the Middle Ages, and yet listening with breathless anxiety and profound respect to the oracular demonstrations of a mahogany chair? Really the world is old enough; come along, comet, and put an end to it!

Finissons-en: le monde est assez vieux,
Le monde est assez vieux!

Do we not see woman unsexed, becoming philosopher, methodist preacher, physician, lawyer and lecturer? Has not Stiggins been made woman? Have we not fillibusters holding levees, crime upon the judges' bench, pugilists in the police, gamblers in the treasury, assassins in the national councils? Yes, our planet is too old; come along, implacable Comet, and drive this crazy globe spinning through the stars!

One would be tempted to believe from the silence which reigns in the aristocratic region of Fifth avenue, that the catastrophe had already arrived. Curtained windows and closed doors meet the eye on all sides. One does not even see a dog of good family from Washington Parade Ground to Madison Square; and the only sign of life to be discovered is the dark shadow of some lorn housemaid, alone in her glory, and monarch of all she surveys. We have heard it hinted by individuals who pretend to know the mysteries of this aristocratic spot, that many a house seemingly uninhabited, still shelters the family group, compelled by the losses of the past year, by stagnation in the pill trade or the mackerel business, to pass—horrible dictu!—the summer in town. Some years ago one might taste the delights of the *villegiatura* on this side of the Atlantic, but now to save the honor of the house, to be recognized as somebody—the summer must be spent in Europe. We have heard of some families whose porters will answer an inquiry after their masters by a determined and unblushing "Gone to Europe," and who are simply making the tour of Cape Cod, *incognito*. It has even been whispered that more than one pretender to respectability has given a golden eagle for the publication of his name in the list of passengers of a European steamship. O Fashion! thou art the worst of tyrants, and the most exacting.

It would appear that the theatres—whatever may be said to the contrary—have gone out of Fashion. They have been very poorly patronized during the past season, and managers in general sorrowfully contemplate heavy balances at the wrong side of the ledger. Some Directors in the hope of establishing their financial equilibrium have closed the old season and opened a new one almost in a day. We do not consider the measure a wise one, for, notwithstanding the great reformation of the Drama, which we are promised, and the puritanically rigid morality which is to metamorphose the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, a comedy by William Shakespeare, into the *Pious Pilgrims of Plymouth*, a serious and soul-soothing opera by Praise-God-Barebones, the summer campaign will certainly end in a beggarly account of empty boxes. Apropos of dramatic Reform we noticed as an earnest of the likelihood of its operation that the day after the Rev. Dr. Bellows' lecture, the thrilling adventures of an illustrious highwayman were announced for representation, on a bill bearing the name of gentleman who had figured conpicuously among those who seem desirous to undertake the Augean labor of cleaning up the Thespian temple. This may be Reform, but it does not look very like it.

The Academy of Music opened its doors twice during the week, and sweet sounds again echoed through its corridors. Both evenings were devoted to benefits, the one, that of Mr. Marshall, the other, of Max Maretzek, known to fame as the "indomitable." One of the most remarkable features of these entertainments was their Polyglott character, their component parts being English Comedy, Italian Opera and French Vandeville. As benefits are exempted from criticism we will merely say that Mme. Gazzaniga is an artist of great dramatic power, possessed of a vigorous and sympathetic organ lacking suppleness, it is true, but making up for that defect by clearness and freshness. She is not appreciated as she deserves to be by our opera-goers, whose vitiated taste requires the roulades, fioritures and vocal gymnastics, which a true artist despises and leaves to those who are obliged to resort to such a means of hiding the poverty of their worn-out voices. The French company have been guilty of false pretences: 1st. They are not the *New Orleans Company* and we doubt if Mr. Boudousquie, the New Orleans manager, would be flattered by their usurpation of the title; 2nd. The vaudeville *Edgar et sa bonne* was not played for the first time in New York on the evening in question; it had been represented four or five times at Wallack's theatre and elsewhere and on each of those occasions the principal parts were filled by the same persons who figured the other evening at the Academy of Music. Those ladies and gentlemen would do well to read Lafontaine's fable of a certain jackdaw who decked himself out in peacock's feathers.

GOING TO LAW.—The Commissioners of Emigration have concluded to enter a prosecution against the Captain of the Packet ship Charles Cooper now on her way from Antwerp to this port, for failing to furnish his passengers with a sufficient amount of provisions. If the Captain is convicted the penalty is one thousand dollars fine and to be confined for a term not exceeding one year. It is of the highest importance that passengers who sever themselves from country and kin for the purpose of seeking a home on this continent should be provided with the proper facilities for carrying out that object, instead of being made the channel through which sharpers on sea and land gather money and grow rich.

CITY NEWS.

STATISTICS OF CRIME.—The Court of Special Sessions which organized on the 1st of May last, for the dispatch of business under the amended charter, has being doing an extensive business. Since that period four hundred and twenty-six persons have been arraigned for trial. Of that number 286 have been found guilty of the crimes of which they stood charged.

MAKING OFF.—An English girl, named Sarah Campbell, was arrested, on the 5th instant, on a charge of stealing one hundred and thirty dollars in gold from the residence of ex-Captain Halpin, of the First Ward Police. One hundred dollars of the money was received; the balance she had laid out in purchasing a passage ticket for Liverpool and some other articles. She was held to answer.

THE MEAT MARKET.—Prices went up again last week in the market. This is owing to the fact, that the farmers are busily engaged just now with the crops, besides the decline of the previous week prevent many others from driving in their stock. At present rates animal food of all description is enormously high, and far beyond the reach of those of middling means, who in self defence will be compelled to have recourse to some other substitute.

"NO SURRENDER."—The war between Mayor Wood and the new Board of Commissioners still continues. On Saturday his Honor, in conjunction with City Judge Russell, appointed fifty new Policemen to fill the places of those who had gone over to the new Commissioners. We understand the Mayor is determined to fill every vacancy that may occur, thereby keeping up the strength of his force. Verily, things have come to a strange pass.

LONG ISLAND AND STATEN ISLAND.—A ferry has lately been established at Fort Hamilton, from which boats ply to Staten Island touching at New York. This will tend very materially to the advancement of that portion of Long Island.

SAD ACCIDENT.—A fire broke out last week in the house No. 192 Grand street, when melancholy to relate, a child five years old perished in the flames.

Charles Roberts, a colored waiter at the Lafarge House was brought to trial last week in the Court of General Sessions on a charge of robbing Mr. Knoxon who was staying at that house of five thousand dollars. The trial caused considerable excitement among the colored population. The trial was concluded on Saturday, when the Jury after half an hours' deliberation returned into Court with a verdict of "Not Guilty." Immediately after the rendering of the above verdict Roberts was surrounded by a multitude of his colored brethren who bore him away in triumph.

It is reported that the notorious Walker intends visiting this city shortly, and that it is the intention to accord him not alone a public but an official reception. We hope the above is incorrect, and that the city of New York will be spared the infliction of such a disgrace. We have a sufficiency of cut throats and vagabonds in our midst already, not to add to their number by a demonstration of this nature.

Wm. B. Adams, a young lad, was arrested in the National Theatre, charged with collecting money for his employer and appropriating the same to his own use. The lad admitted the charge, and said he had spent the money in visiting theaters, and in taking pleasure rides. Twenty dollars was found upon his person when arrested. He was committed for trial.

There were three hundred and seventy-two deaths in this city last week, which is fifty-three less than those of the previous week. The nativity table gives 285 natives of the United States, 46 of Ireland, 27 of Germany, 4 of England, and the balance of various European countries.

The body of Wm. C. Green a druggist formerly doing business at No. 81 Maiden Lane, was found in the East river some days since. How he came there is unknown. He had no money on his person with the exception of one dollar and twenty cents in change.

One of the Brooklyn Bonded Warehouses was burned to the ground on Wednesday of last week. Loss one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, one-third only of which was covered by insurance.

The U. S. Steam Frigate Mississippi, now at the Brooklyn Navy Yard has been ordered to the coast of China. The frigate is commanded by Captain Nicholson.

MORAL EFFECT OF FIRE-ARMS.—Beecher gives an amusing account of the effect of fire-arms on the aborigines of Terra del Fuego. They could not be made to understand how that, standing a long way off, they should hear a noise, and see a little smoke, and then that they should be mortally wounded. It was to them quite incomprehensible, and they therefore felt no alarm at the sight of a musket. But when once they became convinced of the danger, their terror was proportionate. This feeling was curiously exemplified in the total demoralization of all armies, from the middle of the sixteenth century till near the end of the seventeenth. The Swiss complained that it was not their nature to stand patiently under the fire of artillery, but to march straight onwards! The dislike of the Tudors to fire-arms, which has induced many to suppose that the bow was still then the favorite weapon of the conquerors of Agincourt, arose from as paltry a feeling as ever disgraced a crowned head. Henry VII. objected to the crossbow, because much damage had been done by it to the king's deer. Henry VIII. would allow no one to posses a handgun, unless he also possessed £100 a year, and then with stock and barrel together to be no more than twenty-seven inches long. Edward VI. considered that "Hayle shot" was pernicious, owing to "much fowl and game having been destroyed."—*Westminster Review.*

The Avenir d'Anvers states, that an Antwerp lady has just given birth to her twenty-ninth child, and both the mother and No. 29 are doing well.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

COTTON—The market is dull and quotations nominal. The export since May 26 has been: To Liverpool, 1,476 bales; to Havre, 754 bales; to Hamburg, 123 bales—total, 2,353 bales. The sales for the same period reach 5,000 bales, including 1,000 from store.

COFFEE continues dull and heavy; 100 bags Rio at 12½c., and 125 bags Maracaibo at 12¾c. comprise the transactions.

CANDLES—We notice sales of 2,000 boxes Staten Island (Adamantine) at 25c., 4 mos. In other kinds a moderate business is doing at former rates.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The demand for Western Canal Flour is moderate, and, with fair arrivals in prospect, holders are more disposed to realize, and have submitted to a decline of 10@15c. ₱ bbl. on the low and medium grades, and this has failed to bring forward buyers freely. High grades are firmly held, and are in steady request for the local trade. The sales are 7,200 bbls. at $6 60@$8 75 for common to good State; $6 90@$7 10 for extra do.; $6 60@$6 90 for superfine Indiana, Illinois and Iowa; $7@$7 40 for extra do.; $7 15@$7 50 for common to good extra Ohio: $7 50@$8 60 for good to choice do.; $8@$8 50 for St. Louis brands, and $7 75@$10 for extra Genesee. Canadian Flour is in moderate supply and limited request; to effect sales a decline of 10@15c ₱ bbl. is yielded; the sales are 650 bbls. at $6 60@$6 80 for superfine, and $7 05@$8 60 for extra do. Southern Flour is offered with greater freedom, and mixed brands are 15@20c. ₱ bbl. lower, with a fair demand at the abatement; sales of 240 bbls. at $7 30@$7 70 for mixed to good brands Baltimore, &c., and $7 75@$9 for favorite, fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is firm and in fair request; sales of 150 bbls. at $4 40@$5 12½c. Corn Meal is quite firm; sales of 200 bbls. at $4 10@$4 20 for Jersey, and $4 50 for Brandywine.

FRUITS—Fresh foreign arrive freely, and are in lively request; sales of 60,000 St. Bart's Pineapples at $7@$8; 10,000 Baracoa Cocoanuts at $25; 40,000 Matanzas Pineapples at $11; 12,000 Abacos Spanish Slips at $12; 1,000 Baracoa Bananas at $1 25@$1 50. Dried Fruits are steady; sales of 12 ℔ State Apples at 12½c.; 10,000 ordinary Southern at 10c.

GRAIN—The Wheat market is better supplied, and to effect sales a decline of 2@3c. ₱ bush. is yielded; the inquiry is more active at the close, in part for export; the sales are 6,600 bush. red Indiana at $1 64½@$1 70, 23,000 bush. Milwaukee Club at $1 50, and 4,000 bush. fair white Canadian at $1 80. Rye is unsettled; sales of 3,500 bush. at $1 25@$1 26. Oats are lower and quite dull, at 60@65c. for State, and 66@68c. for Western. Barley is nominal, at $1 50@$1 70. Corn is 2c. lower, and closes dull and heavy with fair arrivals; sales of 23,000 bush. at 83c. for Western mixed, 98c.@$1 for Southern yellow, and 98c.@$1 01 for do. white.

HIDES—The heavy stock (over 230,000) continues to depress the market and prices show a downward tendency; the sales are few though more is doing than is generally reported; sales of 1,000 Buenos Ayres at 30c., 6 mos., usual weight and selection; 500 Western Dry at 21c., 6 mos., and 20,000 California to arrive (soon expected) on private terms.

HAY—A steady demand for shipping, and, with fair arrivals, prices are steady; sales of 600 bales at 90@95c. ₱ 100 ℔.

IRON—Scotch Pig is more active, but at lower rates; sales 200 tons ex-ship at $31, 6 mos. Common and Refined Bars are dull and heavy; sales of some 150 tons to arrive at $52 50 for the former and $58 50 for the latter, 6 mos. Rails are quite flat and offered at lower rates. Sheets are quiet but steady.

LEATHER—The supply is ample and sellers offer freely; buyers are only moderately operating.

LIME—Rockland has advanced; sales of 200 bbls. common at 90c., and 500 do. Lump at $1 25.

NAVAL STORES—Spirits Turpentine continues extremely quiet, but there is no accumulating stock, and prices are maintained although if holders were to press sales it would be difficult to obtain over 50c. cash, the demand is chiefly confined to the retail trade at 52c.

PROVISIONS—The demand for Pork is fair, and the market closes firm, with some speculative inquiry for future delivery; the local demand is fair; sales of 1,250 bbls. at $23 30@$23 62½ for Mess, $19 25@$19 35 for Prime, and $25 75@$26 for Clear; included in the sales are 500 bbls. Mess, quiet's option, 30 days, at $24. Beef is in fair request and is quite firm, with limited arrivals; sales of 300 bbls. at $14@$15 for Country Mess; $16 50@$17 for Repacked Chicago Mess, and $17 50@$18 for Extra do. Prime Mess Beef and Beef Hams are quiet. Cut Meats are firm, and the demand is fair; sales of 250 hhds. and tcs. at 10c. for Shoulders, and 11@11¼c. for Hams. Bacon is quiet but firm at 11½@12¾c. Lard is steady but quiet; the arrivals are moderate; sales of 200 bbls. and tcs. at 14½@14¾c., and in lots from store at 14¾c.

RICE—Exporters, the trade and speculators have been in market and purchased to the extent of 700 tcs., at $4 88½@$5 37½ for common to prime, including 400 tcs. on speculation at $4 90 ₱ 100 ℔s. Export lots sold at $5@$5 18¾.

SUGARS—Holders still decline to yield a fraction to buyers, who would like a compromise with sellers, as they are in need of stocks. The business is small, and the prices realized do not express a fair criterion of the market. Sales of 125 hhds. Melada at 7c.

TOBACCO—Low grades Kentucky are a trifle lower, generally the market is firm; sales of 83 hhds. Kentucky at 14@21c.; 237 bales Havana at 36@50c., and 65 cases Seedleaf at 13@21c.

TALLOW—The market is steady and the inquiry fair; sales of 15,000 ℔s. at 11c., cash.

TEAS—Have become dull, owing to the absence of a choice select on offering; prices are steady.

WHISKEY—The market is unsettled and lower; the demand moderate; sales of 200 bbls. at 35½@36c.

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Graduation Fees,	10 00
For such Students as may spend their vacations at the College, an extra charge will be made, of	20 00

The following items are extra charges: the German, Spanish, and Italian languages, Music, Drawing, Painting, Dancing, Fencing, and Medical attendance.

All charges must be paid half yearly in *advance*. Should any defer for the space of *one month* to pay in advance, the President of the College is directed to remove their sons or wards from the Institution.

No advance for clothing or other expenses will be made by the College, unless a deposit be left with the Treasurer for the purpose.

Every student must be provided with the uniform, namely: black frock coat or jacket, white pantaloons and vest in Summer, blue pantaloons and dark vest in Winter. No student is to visit out of the College without his uniform. All must be provided with two suits for daily wear, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, six handkerchiefs, three pairs of shoes or boots, great coat or cloak. Each student must also be provided with a silver spoon.

Regular accounts of board, tuition, will be sent every six months in advance. It is earnestly requested that immediate remittances be made to the full amount.

PETER J. BLENKINSOP, S.J.,
President.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is	$350
For Students not learning Greek or Latin	125
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra	15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum	20
Music, per annum	40
Use of Piano, per annum	8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, President.

COLLEGE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,

No. 39 WEST FIFTEENTH STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

NEW YORK.

THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The course of instruction is twofold—Classical and Commercial. The Classical course, which includes Natural and Moral Philosophy, is so conducted as to fit the Students for entering at the end of their studies, whatever liberal profession they may think proper to embrace. The Commercial department is destined to prepare young men for commercial pursuits.

For further information apply at the Institution.

MICHAEL DRISCOL, S. J.,
President.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

Office, No. 51 *Chambers Street, New York.*

IN consequence of the great number of complaints which have for a long time been made by immigrants, of frauds committed upon them in the sending of money to their friends in Ireland; and to aid and protect the Emigrant, the Irish Emigrant Society established a fund, deposited in the Bank of Ireland, upon which they draw drafts, payable at sight on any of the branches of the Bank.

Persons residing out of the city, by enclosing in a letter the sum they wish forwarded, with the plainly written directions to whom, and where it is to be paid, will have the same remitted.

There is this great advantage in purchasing the Society's drafts—that the Bank has a branch in each of the principal towns in Ireland, and thus the losses by discount, and otherwise, are avoided.

The Society will be thankful for all early and substantial information of any fraud, imposition, or outrage, committed on emigrants, and will endeavor speedily to apply a remedy.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.

ROBT. J. DILLON,
HUGH KELLY,
JOSEPH STUART, } Vice-Presidents.

EDWD. C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CRERAR, Recording Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Felix Ingoldsby,	Cornelius H. Sheehan,
William Watson,	Charles M. Nanry.
John Manning,	William Redmond,
Terence Donnelly,	James Olwell,
John Nicholson,	David Devlin,
Martin Waters,	John M'Menomy.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

NOTICE.—The Mails for Europe, via Southampton and Bremen, per U. S. Steamer ARIEL, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 13th day of June, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

Boarding, &c.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

BY P. SMITH,

At Belleville, New Jersey.

ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, Mr. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and Commercial Education.

Terms:—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Stages leave railroad at Newark for Belleville, 3 miles off, at 9½ A. M., and 4½ P. M.

Mr. Smith has my warm approval and recommendation. (Signed,) J. HOGAN
ap11 3m Catholic Pastor.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

At No. 326 Plane Street,

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

PARENTS and GUARDIANS will find this a very proper School for Pupils to receive a thorough English and Mercantile Education. Strict attention will be paid to their moral and religious instructions. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance. A few Boarders can be admitted.

Rules and Regulations made known at the School.

oct13 tf JOHN McKINNEY, *Principal.*

Wants, &c.

SITUATION WANTED.

A CATHOLIC TEACHER wishes a Situation; is acquainted with Arithmetic in all its branches, English Grammar, Geography, Book-keeping by Single and Double Entry, Mensuration, Trigonometry, Algebra, &c. Can execute Ornamental Writing in a superior manner. Has good recommendations and reference. Address "Perseverance," office of this paper. jn13.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL.

WANTED—A Situation as Teacher in a Catholic School, by a middle-aged man of steady habits, who has been teaching in St. Louis during several years past, and can give the best of references. An Irish settlement in the West preferred. Any communications directed to Mr. O. Fallon, Bookseller, St. Louis, Mo., for "Celt," shall be attended. jn6

WANTED—A Teacher, well qualified in all the branches of an English education, to take charge of the Catholic School of St. Joseph's, Bedford, L. I. None else need apply. my23 3t

Advertisements of this class inserted *four times for a dollar.* As New York is the great centre of emigrant life, this paper seldom fails to find out parties so advertised.

Information Wanted.

Of JAMES DALY, a native of Clonemolloy, near Gort, in the county Galway, Ireland, who came to the United States about two or three years ago, and when last heard from was residing somewhere in the State of Pennsylvania. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, New York, will be thankfully received.

☞ Pennsylvania papers please copy.

Of MICHAEL HANNOFIN, a native of the county Kerry, Ireland, who came to the United States about two years ago, and when last heard from was residing somewhere in the State of Virginia. Any information of his, whereabouts sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, New York, will be thankfully received.

☞ Virginia papers please copy. jn13 1t

Of ELIZA WATTS, a native of Killedmond, county Carlow, Ireland, who emigrated to the United States about five years ago, and when last heard from was residing in New York. Any information of her whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, will be thankfully received.

Of THOMAS COSTELLO, a native of Rathban, near Ballinasloe, county Galway, Ireland, who for the last three years has been residing at Lawrence Feeny's, No. 81 Mulborry street, but who left there in the beginning of April, 1857. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, New York, will be thankfully received by his wife.

Of PATRICK McCABE, aged 13 years, who landed in New York on the 8th day of June, 1856, from the ship James Arkis, from the line of Tabscott & Co. Any information of him will be thankfully received by his afflicted parents, Patrick and Mary McCabe, Fayetteville, Brown County, Ohio.

Of ANN and MARY O'BRIEN; ANN, aged 14 MARY, aged 11; who emigrated from Limerick, Ireland, about the latter end of July, 1854, with their uncle, Matthew O'Brien, who afterwards died at Quebec. Any information of their whereabouts will be thankfully received by their father, at Duffin's Creek, Pickering, C. W. When last heard from, after landing in Quebec, in Sept., 1854, they were at Timothy Ryan's, in Diamond Harbor.

Of THOMAS KIELTY, a native of Sarnaugnt, near Castlebar, county Mayo, Ireland; when last heard from was in St. Louis, Mo. Any information of him will be thankfully received by his brothers and sisters. Direct 2 Patrick or Daniel Kielty, Fitchburg, Mass.

☞ Southern papers please copy.

Of MARY and PATRICK GILHOLY, natives of the county of Sligo, Ireland, who arrived in this city in the month of April last per Star of the West. Any information of their whereabouts will be thankfully received at the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, 81 Worth street, New York.

If BRIDGET MANNION, or HESSIAN, who lef Cooloo, near Tuam, in the county of Galway, Irelandt about 8 years ago for the United States, and is supposed to be residing in Baltimore, will forward her address to the Commissioners of Emigration, New York, she will hear of her child Martin Mannion.

TAPSCOTT & CO.'S

General Emigration and Foreign Exchange Office,

No. 86 *South Street, New York,*

AGENTS FOR

TAPSCOTT'S LINE LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Arrangements for 1857.

THE Subscribers will continue to issue Passage Certificates for persons coming from the Old Country for their favorite and unequalled Line of Liverpool Packets, and also for the X Line of London Packets, on the same favorable terms as heretofore; and they also draw Drafts as usual for large or small amounts, payable at sight, throughout England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, and Germany. jan19

PROSPECTUS.

NEW YORK TABLET.

Having purchased the proprietary right of Messrs. McGee & Mitchell in the AMERICAN CELT newspaper, the first number of the NEW YORK TABLET will be issued on the 6th of June, from the office over our store, 164 William street, in folio form, and printed on fine paper. It will contain fourteen pages of reading matter, embracing:

ORIGINAL and SELECTED STORIES and SKETCHES, illustrated and otherwise;

A CAREFULLY COMPILED RECORD OF IRISH, BRITISH, and CONTINENTAL AFFAIRS;

A REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, AMERICAN and FOREIGN;

A MISCELLANY OF CORRESPONDENCE, HOME NEWS, POETRY, ANECDOTE, &c., and

EDITORIALS, on all current topics of interest to the general class of readers.

The Editorial department will be conducted by

BERNARD DORAN KILLIAN.

Original Tales, Articles and Sketches, will appear weekly from

MRS. JAMES SADLIER,

AND

THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE.

In announcing the NEW YORK TABLET it is hardly necessary to say that we intend to make it *a new paper.* While we trust it will prove itself worthy of the continued patronage of the CELT'S subscribers, it is not our wish to recur to former controversies, happily, and we hope forever, ended.

In POLITICS, the TABLET will avoid all party alliances, and speak plainly of men and measures when occasion requires it.

In the discussion of SOCIAL QUESTIONS—inevitable in every country and pre-eminently at home on a Continent like this—it will be corteous and conciliatory, desiring rather to propagate its own views than to excite the opposition of those who may be disposed to differ with it.

It will oppose STATE CHARITIES controlled by sectarian influences, as unjust in their administration, and pernicious in their tendencies

It will resist STATE INTERFERENCE in the matter of Church Government, as unconstitutional in itself, and subversive of the most sacred rights of property and conscience.

And it will uphold the Christian idea—largely imperilled as it is—that the Child is the subject of the Parent, until it attains an age when its moral character comes under its own control, and is no longer determined by early impressions.

In all questions of importance, the TABLET will be found devoted to the interests of the Immigrant.

Together with these general aims and objects, the conductors of the TABLET, incited by the example of their cotemporaries, will endeavor to quicken the desire, and elevate the taste, for reading, among its patrons. To attain this end the most scrupulous care will be taken that no matter calculated to impair the one, or vitiate the other, shall find admittance to its columns, while no expense will be spared to make it a PLEASING AND INSTRUCTIVE FAMILY VISITOR.

To guard against misapprehension it may be well to add, that the NEW YORK TABLET will merely speak for its conductors, who are convinced that a newspaper truly such, must mainly succeed or fail on its own merits and enterprize.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK,

No. 51 *Chambers street.*

THIS Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others a safe place of deposit for their funds, to protect them from robbery and fraud.

It is conducted with the strictest economy—neither the Officers nor Trustees receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the depositors and will be divided amongst them, having due regard to the safety of their funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums of $500 and under, and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.

Bank open to receive Deposits, daily, from 10, A. M. to 2, and from 5 to 7, P. M.

Trustees:

JOSEPH STUART, President, 33 Nassau street.
FELIX INGOLDSBY, 1st Vice-President, 46 Warren street.
JOHN McMENOMY, 2d Vice-President, 156 Bowery.
TERENCE DONNELY, Treasurer, 85 Liberty st.
LOUIS B. BINSSE, Secretary, 38 Vesey street.

William Watson,	John Milhau.
John Nicholson,	Edward W. Tiers,
Andrew Carrigan,	Charles M. Connolly,
James Kerrigan,	James Kelly,
Hugh Kelly,	Daniel Devlin,
Charles O'Connor,	Cornelius H. Sheehan,
James Olwell,	Edward Bayor.
John P. Nesmith,	

PETER CRERAN, Accountant.
JOHN MANNING, Comptroller.

JOHN COSTIGAN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

Office, 68 *State street, Albany, New York,*

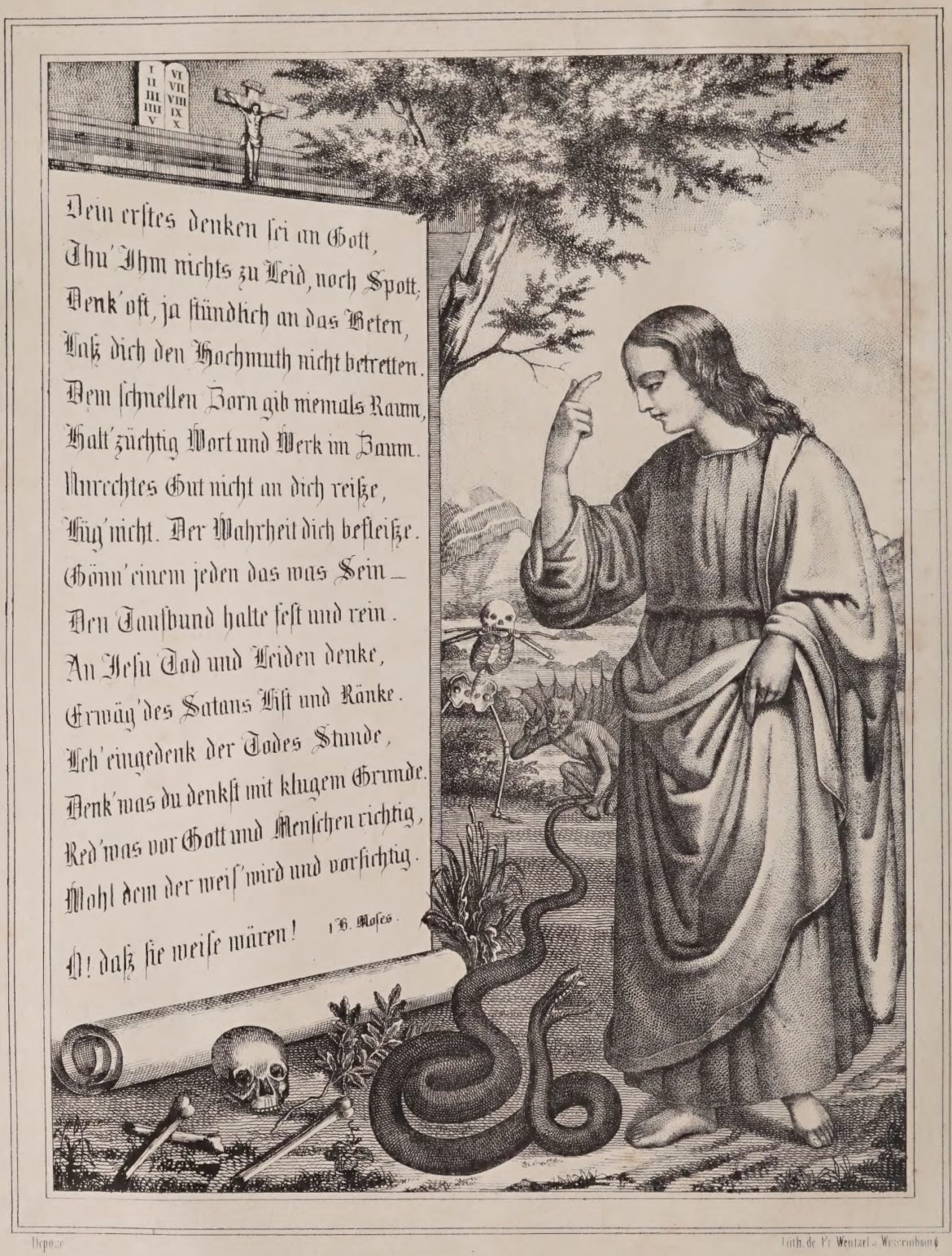
ATTENDS to business in the line of his profession, in all the Courts of the State, with promptness and punctuality.

He is, and has been for the last ten years, Local Agent for the long established, responsible Shipping House of

C. GRIMSHAW & CO., LIVERPOOL,

Proprietors of the Original "Black Star" Line of Liverpool and New York Packet Ships—and furnishes sight drafts on that Firm, payable at all or any of the Banks in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

Orders from a distance respectfully solicited.


I II III IIII V
VI VII VIII IX X
Dein erstes denken sei an Gott,
Thu' Ihm nichts zu Leid, noch Spott,
Denk' oft, ja stündlich an das Beten,
Laß dich den Hochmuth nicht betretten.
Dem schnellen Zorn gib niemals Raum,
Halt' züchtig Wort und Werk im Zaum.
Unrechtes Gut nicht an dich reiße,
Lüg' nicht. Der Wahrheit dich befleiße.
Gönn' einem jeden das was Sein –
Den Taufbund halte fest und rein.
An Jesu Tod und Leiden denke,
Erwäg' des Satans List und Ränke.
Leb' eingedenk der Todes Stunde,
Denk' was du denkst mit klugem Grunde.
Red' was vor Gott und Menschen richtig,
Wohl dem der weis' wird und vorsichtig.
O! daß sie weise wären! 5 B. Moses.

Depose

Lith. de Fr. Wentzel in Wasserburg

Täglicher Denkzettel und Spiegel eines rechtschaffenen Christen.

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